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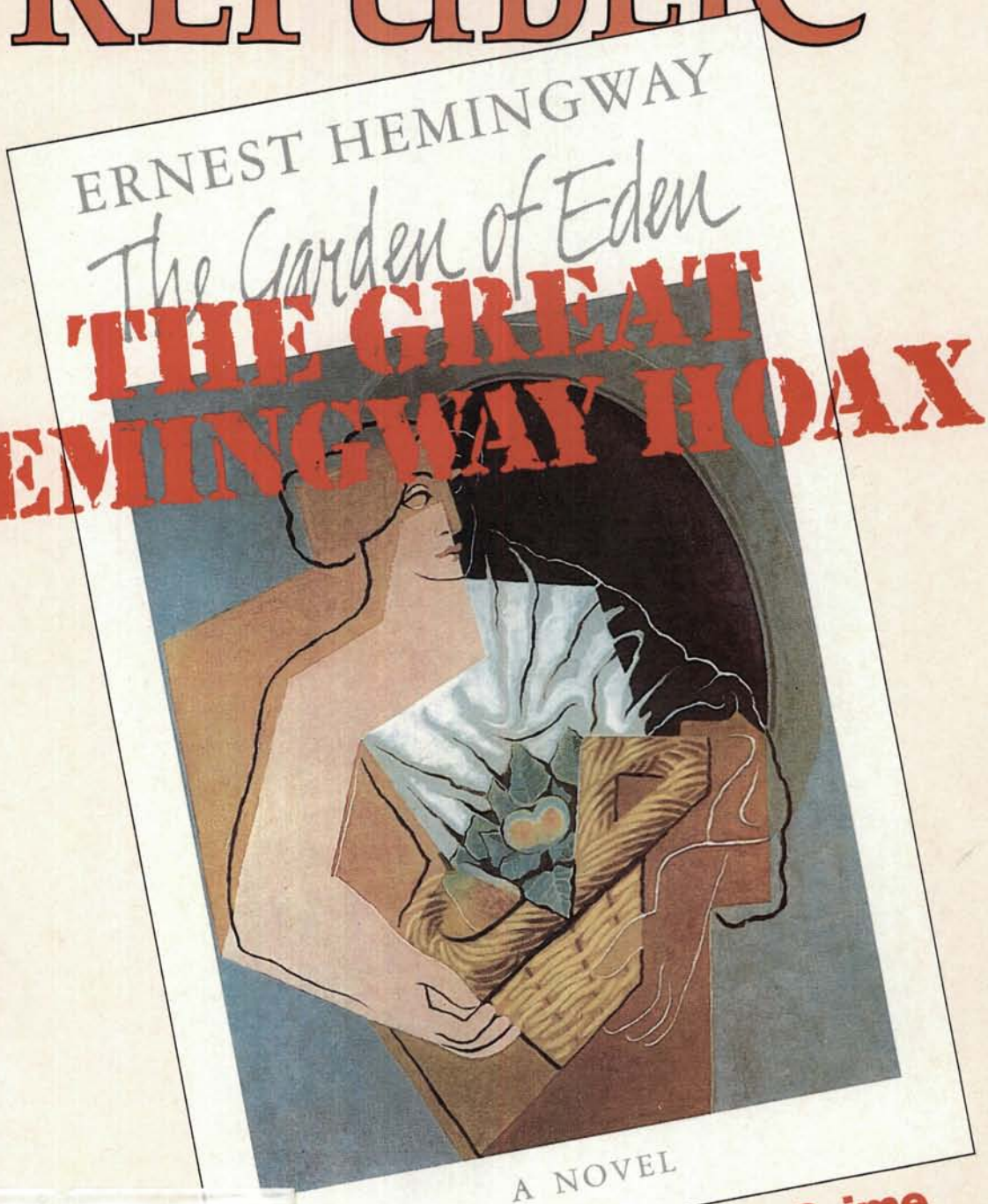
THE NEW REPUBLIC

FEB 25 1987



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Toward a more competitive America—II

Savings=investment=productivity

Economic growth—the creation of a bigger economic pie—is the only way in which a society can raise its standard of living. It's the best way to realize the goals individuals and society set for themselves: a decent home to live in, an adequate diet, adequate health care, a good education system, and the opportunity for each citizen to do meaningful work.

And what spurs economic growth, as we pointed out last week, is heightened productivity. Not only does productivity create wealth, it also allows America to compete successfully in the worldwide marketplace. And productivity, in turn, stems from investment in plant, equipment, technology, and education.

Investment—the ultimate fuel that keeps the economy moving—is the product of savings. When individual Americans put part of their paychecks aside—in bank accounts, pension plans, or almost anyplace else except under the mattress—that money is available for the investment that helps produce future paychecks. The same is true when companies reinvest part of what they earn. But money isn't available for investment when it flows to the deficit-ridden federal government.

Unfortunately, although savings are crucial to productivity and economic growth, Americans trail most of their foreign competitors in the rate at which they save. In 1984, for example, Americans saved 4.8 percent of their net disposable personal income—a key source of investment capital. The West Germans saved 10.8 percent and the Japanese 20 percent. It isn't surprising, therefore, that in 1984, the last year for which consistent international comparisons are available, 27.8 percent of Japan's gross domestic product went into capital formation and investment. The West Germans invested 20.2 percent. The Americans? Just 18 percent.

Predictably, the statistics on savings and investment carry over into the productivity tables. For the years 1973 through 1985, productivity in the manufacturing/producing sector of the Japanese economy grew at an average rate of 5.6 percent a year. In West Germany growth averaged 3.7 percent. In the U.S., productivity increased by an annual average of only 2.2 percent.

But the American proclivity to spend and consume, rather than save and invest, isn't a trait inexorably etched into our national genes. Rather, it's a reaction to several factors—not the least of which is the U.S. Internal Revenue Code.

American tax law has long favored consumption over savings. The income earned by money invested is taxed; the pleasure of buying something and using it isn't. The new tax law worsens this bias. Under the new code, the IRAs and 401(k) plans that made savings attractive for the individual are severely restricted. Gone or sharply curtailed are such inducements for businesses to make capital improvements as the investment tax credit and accelerated depreciation. These and a host of other changes will cost business $120 billion over the next five years—money that could have gone into precisely the kind of plant, equipment, and research that boost productivity.

By coincidence, the Japanese are also in the process of overhauling their tax code. But from all we've read and seen, their legislators aren't about to impede their country's productivity.

Next: Let's look at Japan

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

FOUNDED 1914 — *A Weekly Journal of Opinion* — ISSUE 3,764

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FROM WASHINGTON

'PLATOON' AND IRANAMOK

"I mean, jeez, if you want all that realism, if you want to be depressed, you can watch the news at night."

Thus social observer and kung fu artist Chuck Norris commenting on the surprise blockbuster hit movie *Platoon*. Norris (now in the Philippines, where *Platoon* was filmed, making his own Vietnam movie, *Missing in Action III*) is one of the very few conservative intellectuals who has dared to dissent from the virtually unanimous acclaim for a movie that portrays the Vietnam War in definitely ignoble terms.

Platoon is not a great film. It's affecting, but that isn't hard. There's no creative challenge to getting people choked up by showing them two hours of young men being senselessly slaughtered while an orchestra saws away at Samuel Barber's lugubrious "Adagio for Strings." The characters are stereotypes. The voice-over narrative (a young soldier's letters home to his grandmother) is strictly cornball clichés. Writer-director Oliver Stone makes his various points about war seriatim, as if he were checking them off on a shopping list.

The central plot tension—the battle for a young private's soul between a "good" sergeant who has retained his humanity and a "bad" sergeant who has become a killing machine—is not very tense. We never believe for a moment that the nice kid we identify with could actually turn into a brutal killer. When he does commit a premeditated murder at the end of the film, the story line has given him such a good reason that not one moviegoer in a thousand will feel his soul is in danger.

In the chaos and confusion of *Platoon*'s spectacular battle scenes, it's hard to follow the plot anyway. The cast of characters is pretty much a blur until the closing credits, where they are identified. *Platoon* enthusiasts will argue, with some justice, that this is the point: war is a meaningless hell of chaos and confusion. Whether making that point, however vividly, qualifies as Art is an aesthetic judgment I leave to better-qualified critics. But it's certainly interesting that a movie with such a message should become the No. 1 box-office success in what we all thought, until recently, was the Age of Rambo.

Of course let's be honest: part of *Platoon*'s appeal is the same as that of *Rambo*. Perhaps despite himself, Stone makes war seem glamorous as well as horrible. There can't be many men, at least, in the audience who don't feel a twinge of desire to be in the action. Indeed, many who had no trouble resisting the appeal of Sylvester Stallone's cartoon battlefield will succumb to Oliver Stone's more sophisticated seduction.

But the overt political spin of *Platoon* is clearly *Rambo*'s opposite. The movie is full of left-wing signifiers. The bad sergeant drinks bourbon; the good sergeant smokes dope. The bad sergeant is a fever of swaggering macho; the good sergeant is sensitive, caring, even somewhat androgynous, though deeply courageous in battle.

More fundamentally, the presentation of war as an existential nightmare conveys, in today's political circumstances, an unavoidably left-wing message. It is the same message conveyed by the Vietnam Memorial, which critics are right to see as an insult to that war—and to war in general—although not to the veterans, as their own overwhelming approval demonstrates. When the memorial opened in 1982, many conservatives denounced it as unheroic and therefore unpatriotic. To dramatize the horrors and costs of military action without reference to its value and occasional necessity, they said, breeds appeasement, isolationism, defeatism. Yet the conservative ranks are strangely silent today, when a hit movie makes the same point even more explicitly.

They are silent, I think, because they sense that this movie says something this isn't the moment to argue with. Together with the Iranamok scandal in Washington and the insider trading mess on Wall Street, the wild popularity of Hollywood's *Platoon* is more evidence of the cultural collapse of Reaganism. A friend of mine argues that the movie wouldn't have been a success six months ago, be-

continued on page 42

Is there hope in the shadow of annihilation?

In these brilliant essays, Robert Jay Lifton, the distinguished psychiatrist and author of *The Nazi Doctors*, illuminates his own and humanity's struggle to draw meaning and hope from the catastrophic events of our time: Hiroshima, the Holocaust, Vietnam, and the ever-present threat of nuclear disaster. "No psychiatrist and few men of letters have more courageously explored the unpalatable truths about our collective selves than Robert Jay Lifton."

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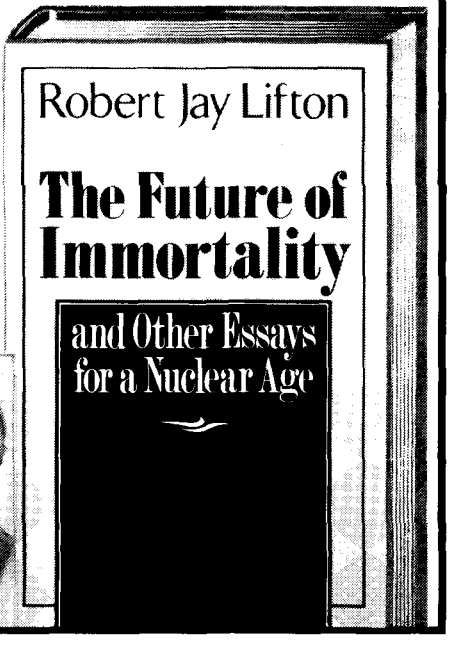

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Is the arthritis drug your doctor prescribes as safe as aspirin?

Chances are it's safer!

There is an abundance of misinformation about arthritis and its treatment. What you read or hear from non-professional sources should not be allowed to interrupt the treatments your doctor prescribes. Let's examine how doctors actually treat arthritis.

Drug treatment of arthritis began with aspirin.

Most of us think of aspirin as an essentially harmless medicine for fever, headache, toothache, or other minor pains. But in 1899 aspirin, in higher than the usual dose, was also found to reduce inflammation. This suggested it might be useful in arthritis (inflammation of the joints). In fact, aspirin was practically the only drug treatment for arthritis during the first half of this century.

Aspirin risk vs. aspirin benefits.

Although aspirin is still among the most effective treatments for arthritis, it is far from harmless in the high doses that are needed (as many as 8 to 20 tablets a day). It can cause a variety of unwanted effects ranging from nausea and vomiting to stomach ulcers. Doctors treating arthritis have always had to consider whether the benefits of aspirin outweigh these risks.

The promise of new anti-arthritis medicines—greater safety.

Pharmaceutical research in the treatment of arthritis has concentrated on finding drugs that are safer than aspirin. About 1950, cortisone and other steroid hormones were thought to be the answer. But while they are valuable in treating many medical and surgical problems, they cause too much change in overall body chemistry when used for long periods of time in arthritis.

In recent years, a group of medicines called nonsteroidal anti-inflammatory drugs (NSAIDs) became available. Most people have no difficulty taking these drugs. NSAIDs offer significant advantages over aspirin because they produce fewer side effects—particularly in the stomach and intestine. Today they are the drugs most widely prescribed for arthritis by doctors all over the world.

Making your medicine easier to take.

A major advance of the past decade has been the introduction of new NSAIDs that can provide effective relief when taken less often. This avoids the inconvenience of having to take medicine for arthritis several times a day. It can also eliminate the problem of being awakened at night by arthritis pain.

What's right for you—your doctor knows best.

Your doctor will select the arthritis treatment that is right for you. Sometimes one NSAID works better than another.

Discuss any question you may have about the medication with the person who knows most about your medical problems—your personal physician.

Your doctor can determine whether the problem comes from your medicine or reflects some other underlying problem. Remember, 95 out of 100 patients take arthritis medication without any serious discomfort.

You may get all kinds of advice from well-meaning friends, relatives, and other people with arthritis. Don't let them make medical decisions for you. The only person competent to do that is your physician.

For additional information on arthritis, please contact your local Arthritis Foundation Chapter.

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CORRESPONDENCE

GANNETT'S GOOD TIMES

To the editors:
The *Des Moines Register* was purchased by Gannett in 1985, amid fears that control by a media conglomerate would ruin the paper. Before the sale, Gannett executives from Al Neuharth on down promised to uphold the paper's high journalistic tradition, to use Gannett's financial resources to improve the paper, and to leave editorial decisions to the local editor and publisher. (See "Invasion of the Gannettoids" by Philip Weiss, February 2.)

Gannett kept its promises. It did not, as many expected, cut the news staff or news space. Indeed, since Gannett took over, the overall news hole has increased and a business section has been added. The *Register* has maintained its own Pulitzer Prize-winning Washington bureau (rather than be required to rely on Gannett's Washington staff), its strong enterprise reporting, and its liberal editorial-page policy. Gannet executives said they believed in local editorial autonomy, and my experience is that they practice it.

Like Weiss, I find Gannett's corporate office decor too glitzy, but unlike Weiss, I have found in its executives strong support for the kind of journalism practiced here for decades. Frankly I don't give a damn what kind of office John Curley sits in as long as he continues that support.

JAMES P. GANNON
Editor, The Des Moines Register
Des Moines, Iowa

To the editors:
Ever since *USA Today* first appeared, I thought it irritatingly cheerful, having little to do with real news. But I thought I was simply resisting the advent of the new wave in American newspapers. Now my initial reactions have been confirmed. But what is most distressing is that Al Neuharth's ideal is to achieve journalism that doesn't leave readers "discouraged or mad or indignant." What, then, is a newspaper supposed to do in the face of corruption, economic problems, or indifference? Print cheery pictures of animals until a paper without color weather maps prods people into action?

CHRISTOPHER-MICHAEL DIGRAZIA
Lawrence, Massachusetts

John McLaughlin fuels the fire while respected journalists Jack Germond, Morton Kondracke, and Robert Novak provide informative and often explosive opinions.
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BIG SPENDERS

To the editors:
Hey, big spenders. Please get your heads out of the zeitgeist sandpile. So a 50-cent per gallon gas tax "would not be an unbearable sacrifice to anyone" ("Spending Smarter," February 2)? Perhaps this would be true in the urban wasteland you call home, replete with subways and buses. But to those of us who enjoy the benefits of—whoops, "the idiocy"—of rural life, such a tax would severely affect our already strained incomes.

EMILY MAVRINAC
Waterville, Maine

WHAT NAZIS?

To the editors:
The Autonomous University of Guadalajara is a well-respected, conservative, private, non-profit university, not a hotbed of student/faculty right-wing revolt ("Neo-Nazi U" by Craig Pyes, January 19). To suggest that its rector, Dr. Luis Garibay, is part of a secret organization funding death squads reveals that the reporter has not done his homework. Dr. Garibay is known in Mexico and the United States. He is an internationally respected scholar. To insinuate that the tuition from U.S. students studying at the university's medical school is diverted to support the neo-Nazi activities of some underground anti-communist organization called Los Tecos shows that this reporter has never stepped foot on the campus. If he had, he would have seen where tuition dollars had been spent.

At U.S. universities we have professors with ties to the IRA, PLO, or Communist Party but don't denounce them as supporting death squads and terrorists. Why is it permissible to do so when the school is located outside the United States?

HELEN M. BAKER
Executive Director, UAG Alumni Association
San Antonio, Texas

Craig Pyes replies:
I visited the Autonoma campus in 1982 and 1985 to investigate the allegations against Dr. Garibay and Los Tecos. These allegations are supported by documents published over the last 50 years, and by interviews with professors, former students, and past political associates who

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
MARCH 9, 1987

NUCLEAR SHYSTERS

It was unsettling enough when the safety of the United States, even of the planet, was consigned into the hands of scientists. Now our safety has been consigned into the hands of lawyers. A fine American development. The administration is feeling stifled in its national security policy by the 1972 ABM Treaty, and wants to renege in a way that won't look to the world like reneging. It wants to deploy a so-called Star Wars nuclear defense system as soon as possible, and it needs a legal rationale to do so. Enter the nuclear shysters, with a mandate to manufacture an interpretation of the ABM Treaty that will not impede the administration's impatience to deploy a rickety defense in space. According to the "legally correct interpretation" (or "LCI," as they call it), the testing and development of exotic technologies for destroying ballistic missiles in flight—laser and particle beam weapons—is not forbidden by the language that seems expressly to forbid it. In the imaginative reading of texts, literary critics could take a lesson or two from government lawyers.

All this casuistry is an elaborate evasion—smoke in the eyes of anybody who wishes to judge the Strategic Defense Initiative on its strategic soundness. The administration is pretending that the issues affecting America's security are legal, not strategic. But if the president's Star Wars designs actually could achieve the claims that are made for them, they would be worth renouncing the treaty for. Since they cannot, it does not matter whether they are legal. The early deployment of SDI is not mistaken because it will leave the ABM Treaty in ruins. It is mistaken because it will leave strategic stability in ruins.

In a discussion with aides in early February about whether to adopt formally the new interpretation of the ABM Treaty, Reagan said (according to a fascinating report in the *Washington Times*): "Why don't we just go ahead on the assumption that this is what we're doing and it's right?" For more than six years this seems to have been Reagan's logic: if we're doing it, then it's right. The whole issue turns on what the president means by "what we're doing." We are doing serious research into technologies that may broach a defense of populations against missiles, or that our Russian rivals may also be working on; and that is indeed justified. But if "what we're doing" means an early deployment of SDI, or a disruption of arms control today for the sake of SDI, well, that is not what we're doing, at least as far as Congress, the American public, and our allies know. Early deployment of SDI may be what the president wishes we were doing, but it is a wish that should be frustrated.

Take a sober look at the system that the Pentagon proposes to foist within a decade upon an already dangerous world. The system of primitive space defenses involves the destruction of missiles in flight by various types of small, non-nuclear rockets. These rockets would be launched from space and from earth, guided by satellites, and would destroy missiles merely by colliding with them. No science fiction there, just the old-fashioned application of kinetic energy (which is ironic, since only something physically fancier could have sought cover behind a reinterpretation of the ABM Treaty). The Pentagon is confident that it could have such a defense system in place in less than a decade, and that it will work.

Never mind that this is a system of spectacular vulnerability, that it has no capability to defend itself against attack. It is as if the fledgling Ford Motor Company put a car on the market that worked in all its parts except the brakes, and reassured the public that research and development on the brakes would continue. Never mind that the almost certain Soviet response will be the frantic production of ballistic missiles, putting the same administration that had given up on arms control in the awkward position of needing arms control. Never mind, in sum, that the administration's proposal violates at least one of Paul Nitze's two criteria for SDI: that no system should be deployed that is not survivable against Soviet countermeasures. (The other criterion was that any SDI system should be cheaper to build than to be defended against.) In early February Secretary of State Shultz wisely reiterated that these two criteria "would and should" be the basis of any decision to deploy. Shultz concluded that the time to deploy "isn't right now." But the wrath of the far right has

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made Shultz a little more equivocal in recent days.

The really cynical thing about the pressure for early deployment is its political motive. The administration wants to "lock SDI in," to protect it against the skepticism of future presidents by making it into a fact. But even some supporters of SDI will concede that some of that skepticism will be warranted. There really are crucial questions about the design and the performance of space-based defenses that have not yet been answered. Early deployment is deployment in the dark. It not only will lock SDI in, it will lock the American people in—to a poorly thought-out, hastily assembled, strategically explosive change in their nuclear fate.

And much more crass even than the fait accompli approach is the feeling you get that early deployment has become a political necessity in the wake of the administration's breakdown over Iran and Nicaragua. More, a historical necessity. As the Reagan record in foreign policy looks increasingly unattractive, SDI is almost all that remains for the "Reagan legacy." Oliver North may have failed miserably in Iran and in Nicaragua, but he may still deserve a medal for services to space.

The lawyers should shut up and let the scientists and the strategists do their work. We have no qualms at all about a fully funded program of SDI research (though fully funded is not necessarily synonymous with Caspar Weinberger's conception). But we have great qualms about stumbling, for reasons of technological or political enthusiasm, into the scuttling of deterrence, and about the blithe abandonment of a treaty that constitutes a standing occasion for careful and critical thinking about nuclear defenses and their vicissitudes. This early deployment craze is reminiscent of the spirit of Reykjavik, of winging it with the structure of Western security. The gravity with which the Reagan administration originally approached the question of nuclear defense was appropriate, but it has gone. And in its light, the administration's rush to cobble together some cans for space looks alarmingly shortsighted.

NOTEBOOK

□ BEIRUT'S MACABRE WAR of all against all continues. The city has not had a day of peace for years, so by now the death toll is a daily item on the back pages. Then, unaccountably, from time to time someone notices that they're

THE ZEITGEIST CHECKLIST

BY CHARLES PAUL FREUND

This Week		Last Week	Weeks on Chart
1.	CURING WHAT AILS YOU	9	7

Compassion cum medical care. With his catastrophic care position, Reagan is presiding over the next guy's presidency; the administration that claimed there was no hunger in the U.S., and that the homeless liked living in the street, will have an expanded Welfare State as a legacy.

2.	HONEY BEAR	*	6

Glasnost. The *Economist* foresees *glasnost* eventually wrenching the Western alliance because it alters the varying perceptions of threat that hold the alliance together. That process is already at work. Gorbachev's VIP conclave last week made banner headlines on the Continent; the big story here was the melee in Red Square.

3.	BABEL OF TOWER	2	16

Iranamok. Previews of the "hard-hitting" Tower Commission report have restored a sense of dramatic anticipation to the scandal. Increasingly, the story's focus is: Who's got the money?

4.	AIDS TIMES PANIC	4	8

AIDS. A small backlash against hysterical coverage is springing up. The *New York Times* has expressed doubts, and columnists are defending themselves. But meanwhile, safe sex marches on: the debate about condoms on TV is over. Ads are now running on two dozen TV stations.

5.	THE NEW DEAL	1	4

Hostages. The hostage story is notable for its disappearance everywhere last week. The U.S., Germany, and the Archbishop of Canterbury have all submerged amid reports of brewing deals. But the very prospect of a deal is another blow to the national self-esteem.

6.	POCKETFUL OF WRYE	*	3

Amerika. The miniseries could have been the occasion for the Right, slipping after Iranamok, to dig in its cultural heels. It wasn't—mainly because of the show's punchless, de-Ramboized tedium.

7.	UP AGAINST THE WALL STREET	*	5

Insider traders. The latest Wall Street arrests show how the ethical mood is changing. Insider trading used to be a sign of shared cultural guilt. But now that social compassion is displacing the aggressive materialism that fed the sense of cultural culpability, everybody feels more detached from the alleged wrongdoers.

8.	THE HAWKEYE 500	—	1

1988. Some Iowans are already weary of the presidential campaign. Breaking out of the gate, Gary Hart must regain his "freshness." Bush, falling behind Dole, is tentatively throwing off the deadweight of Reaganism. But can Dole hold down the wisecracks and look serious? Will Nunn and Gore split their newly attractive Southern-ness between them? Stay tuned, as if there was a choice.

9.	WISDOM OF SOLOMON	*	3

Surrogate motherhood. As the Baby M case turns into a class-oriented, rich v. poor story, it also seems to be deflating. When Whitehead threatened her own child, most everybody lost sympathy.

10.	FEEDERS OF LEBANON	—	1

Beirut. Beirut's Battle of the Camps has been going on for months; it had to become a human interest starvation story before it gained significant attention here, a sign of the nature of coverage there when the U.S. and Israel are not direct players.

*Item resurfaces in the Zeitgeist after at least one week's absence.

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still killing each other in Lebanon, and suddenly it's on the front page again. The Associated Press did find something fresh in the recent fighting. "Syria," it reported, "backs all the factions involved." This certainly gives new meaning to the old idea of Arab unity. And of course there is the ongoing agony in the Palestinian camps, a calvary only brothers could impose on brothers. The Shiite militia, Amal, was rightly fingered for waging battle against PLO soldiers by trying to starve Palestinian innocents. But barely noticed in this episode was Yasir Arafat's role in provoking it. Not for the first time he inserted his troops into the midst of tens of thousands of hapless Palestinian civilians, thus drawing them into the vortex of intra-Arab fire. This is a classic guerrilla tactic, and it is a cruel one: draw sympathy to your non-combatants, but let them be damned. At the U.N., the PLO observer waved away a Scandinavian proposal for the evacuation of women, children, and old men from the camps, snorting, "Nonsense." In Gaza and on the West Bank, local Arabs protested Amal's siege by throwing stones at Israelis.

□ WE NOTE THAT the release of political prisoners in the Soviet Union has been announced not by the Ministry of Justice or any such organ of state, but by the Foreign Ministry. It is as if a pardon for the Weather Underground (the parallel is necessarily poor: the Weather people were jailed for murder, not for dissent) were announced by the State Department. The releases have hardly been reported in the Soviet press to the Soviet people. It is now reported that Josef Begun, the man who was jailed three times for the crime of teaching Hebrew, has been released. How do we know? Georgi Arbatov told Lesley Stahl on CBS. Mrs. Begun has yet to be informed by Soviet officials. For now the thinning of the gulag (Sakharov reports that 700 political prisoners are known to remain) is a show for Western consumption.

Can the U.S. put the pieces together?

THE CONTRA CRACK-UP

FROM THE FRONT pages, it's looks as if the Nicaraguan *contras* have been fighting among themselves more than with the Sandinistas. Actually, they seem to be making progress on two vital fronts. On the ground, since early January about 7,000 *contras* have moved from Honduras into Nicaragua, for a total of 12,000. By spring the entire *contra* force of 20,000 men should be engaged in guerrilla combat with the vastly superior Soviet- and Cuban-backed Sandinista army.

On the equally perilous Washington political front, if all goes according to the Reagan administration's plans, just enough of the stain of the Iranamok affair will soon be washed away to inspire Congress to vote favorably on $40 million in *contra* funding for the remainder of this fiscal year.

Imagery is the most immediately important aspect of the fight between Arturo Cruz and Adolfo Calero for the role of the *contra* movement's top civilian. Calero, the gruff former Coca-Cola manager in Managua, is the *contra* leader most closely associated with ex-CIA director William Casey and Lt. Col. Oliver North. Ever since Iranamok broke, it's been his task to explain—or avoid explaining—what U.S. aid reached the *contras* after Congress supposedly cut it off. The *contras* are bound to suffer as one investigating committee after another delves into the scandal; with Calero as the leading spokesman, it would be all the worse.

IF CRUZ takes over as leader of a reformed United Nicaraguan Opposition, as the Reagan administration has tried to arrange, the *contras* will acquire a new and more attractive face. Cruz is comparatively innocent of Iranamok goings-on. He has spent much of his time with politicians in Washington, and very little with the *contras* in Honduras. Ever since he threatened to resign, so many members of Congress have declared him indispensable to continued *contra* funding that it will be hard for a majority to vote no when the $40 million comes up for a vote, probably in March. If a majority vote yes, the administration thinks it has a chance to get the $105 million it is seeking for fiscal 1988 and to keep the *contras* fighting till the eve of the U.S. presidential election.

But public relations is only a part of the Calero-Cruz contretemps. There are also ideological and cultural elements, plus Washington interagency maneuvering. If Cruz does announce on February 19 that he's not resigning, it will be a victory not only for him, but for "liberals" against "conservatives," "politicians" against the "military" and the State Department over the CIA.

Contrary to many reports, though, the basic difference between Cruz and Calero is not one of "willingness to negotiate with the Sandinistas" versus "determination to win a military victory." Cruz may be somewhat more open to a negotiated settlement, but neither would accept a formula—such as Democratic Senator Christopher Dodd is trying to put into legislation—that would cut off U.S. aid to the *contras* without a guarantee of free elections in Nicaragua. A democratic future for Nicaragua is also the key ingredient missing from the Contadora initiative. It *is* the centerpiece of the proposal just put forward by Costa Rican president Oscar Arias, but it's too new to have been carefully considered by all sides.

Fundamentally, the reformed UNO under Cruz's chairmanship is designed to appeal to a Democratic Congress, if any *contra* arrangement can. After a transition period, the existing military coalition, the Nicaraguan Democratic Force (FDN), is to be dissolved and replaced by a new, unified national army operating under civilian control. Calero, currently head of the FDN, would be out, and the top *contra* military commander, Enrique Bermudez, would report to UNO, which would be expanded to represent

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Nicaragua's four traditional political parties—Liberals, Conservatives, Social Democrats, and Christian Democrats—plus labor, business, and the anti-Sandinista resistance operating out of Costa Rica.

Culturally and politically, Cruz and his ally from the old UNO triumvirate, Alfonso Robelo, are also far more compatible with American liberals than Calero is. All three spent time in jail for opposing Somoza, but Calero, a leader of the Conservative Party, left Nicaragua after the Sandinistas came to power in 1979. Robelo, a Social Democrat, and Cruz, a Christian Democrat, served on the revolutionary junta, and Cruz also was the Sandinista regime's ambassador to Washington. Both broke with the Sandinistas over the issues of Cuban influence and Marxist-Leninist oppression in 1982. "The fundamental cleavage is not really 'liberal versus conservative,' but between those who were Sandinistas and those who weren't," according to an administration official. "One side says, 'You guys were fooled before, so why should we trust you?' The other side says, 'You have no sensitivity for our people, or you would have joined the revolution.' "

Culturally, says one *contra* supporter, "The Cruzes and Robelos represent the part of Nicaraguan society that were always notables and dignitaries—not oligarchs, but 'the good people'—lawyers, diplomats, and novelists. The FDN people are lower-middle-class—'7-Eleven managers,' somebody on the other side called them. Cruz was a blue-chip international civil servant [with the Inter-American Development Bank] before the revolution. He's a thoroughly decent man, but he seems almost incensed that the FDN people took the initiative and weren't coming to him."

PROVING THIS thesis, one of Cruz's associates described the Calero "clique" as "businessmen who weren't interested in politics until the Sandinistas forced them into it, who have no political culture, no political agility, nothing in common with the new young cadres who were Sandinistas, or with the young men in the camps who are doing the fighting." Most of the fighters, in fact, are peasant kids who have little in common with either Calero's businessmen or Cruz's educated elites.

Probably the most important difference between the Cruz and Calero groups is the role they've played in the *contra* movement so far. "The FDN people have been entirely focused on the war for eight years," said one American *contra* supporter. "They are fearful that politics somehow weakens the effort to get something going on the ground. On the other side," he said, "you have people with a good sense of the political problems—legitimacy, the lack of moderate and liberal support, the taint of past associations with Somocistas and the Argentines, the lack of the decent opinion of mankind. But, aware as they are, Cruz and Robelo are not very effective. They haven't accomplished very much. They claim they have always been frustrated by Calero."

The Cruz-Calero split has a parallel among American backers in and out of the government, some of whom are as suspicious of their adversaries as the Nicaraguans are. On Cruz's side are the State Department's Central American public liaison officer, Robert Kagan, and his boss, Assistant Secretary Elliott Abrams; moderates in Congress; and liberal Latin American specialists Robert Leiken and Bruce Cameron.

Calero has lost his key backers, Casey and North. He suffered a decisive blow when Frank Carlucci, the new White House national security adviser, decided it was necessary to opt for the "political approach" to save *contra* funding. Professionals at the CIA who formerly helped Calero freeze out Cruz now are obeying orders to accept State Department direction in *contra* leadership matters. Calero's last-ditch defender is Senator Jesse Helms of North Carolina, and the State Department hopes that his railing will help win Democratic votes.

The Cruz takeover will be the latest in a series of *contra* reforms engineered in Washington. As U.S. officials explain it, the CIA set up the *contras* first as an army in 1981. Thoughts about a political agenda came afterward. In 1983, at the insistence of Congress and the State Department, the FDN was purged of its most notorious Somocista cutthroats. UNO was set up in 1985 to provide a political front, and last year, when Congress resumed military aid, its hand was supposed to be strengthened. But that didn't really happen because supplies inevitably went to the FDN and because the FDN didn't respect UNO authority.

The FDN formed a Council of Comandantes, some of whose members supposedly treated Cruz like an enemy spy on a trip to Honduras in December. He was denied the right to inspect *contra* books. And, when *contra* officers returned from military and human rights training in the United States wearing UNO arm patches, they were told to take them off. Cruz got fed up and decided to quit.

APPARENTLY HE really meant to leave, but during the first two weeks of February, his intention turned into a power play to force changes in *contra* management. Supporters say he began to reconsider leaving after a group of *comandantes* pledged support, members of Congress insisted on his staying, and Robelo implored him not to quit. Meanwhile Abrams, pushing hard for civilian dominance of the *contras* and his own dominance of administration policy, got the specific new reform package developed. On February 12, he held separate private meetings with Cruz and Calero. After a weekend round of telephone calls, Calero announced he was resigning from UNO, but not the FDN, and Cruz's supporters indicated he might be staying. The last requirement was a telegram from the FDN directorate, including Bermudez, supporting the reforms and, implicitly, undercutting Calero.

Assuming maximum success for all these stratagems, a vast amount of work has yet to be done. Cruz has got to make himself the true leader of the *contra* movement, not just Washington's figurehead. The *contras* have got to show that they can fight the Sandinistas and still respect the human rights of civilians. Cruz has to inspire hope for democracy—and, perhaps, evidence of resistance against

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Sandinista rule—among the Nicaraguan population. And he has to develop the missing decent opinion of mankind. Can he do it? Congress certainly ought to give him a fair chance.

MORTON KONDRACKE

The Arab boycott's best customer.

JAPAN'S ISRAEL PROBLEM

AS JAPAN'S trade surplus with the United States sparks anti-Japanese protectionism, and as its exports to both the United States and the Arab world decline, Japan should logically seek to develop new markets elsewhere. One of those markets, presumably, is Israel. Yet Japan is the most devout adherent in the developed world of the Arab economic boycott of Israel. Japanese industry not only meticulously observes every provision of the boycott. It goes well beyond by avoiding connections with Israel that the Arab world might possibly view adversely.

The Arab boycott was introduced in 1945 by the Arab League. It thus predates the State of Israel itself. At that time the boycott was aimed at all goods and services produced by Jews in Palestine. In the early 1950s, the system was expanded from a direct, primary boycott (Arabs refuse to buy from, sell to, or otherwise deal with Israelis, whatever their ethnicity) to secondary and tertiary boycotts. Under a secondary boycott, Arabs deal with third parties (Americans, Japanese, or others) only if they pledge to refuse to deal in particular ways with Israel or, at times, with Jews or Jewish-controlled businesses. For example, a Japanese automaker would be permitted to sell cars to Saudi Arabia only if it contractually agreed not to deal with Israel: no branch plants, no joint ventures, nothing that might contribute to the development of the Israeli economy. The tertiary boycott goes even further. Under its provisions, the non-Arab party not only has to boycott Israel; it has to make certain that it uses only those subcontractors or suppliers who also boycott Israel. In other words, the Japanese automobile manufacturer not only must promise to boycott Israel; it must promise not to deal with suppliers dealing with Israel. To make things easy, the Central Boycott Office in Damascus and 20 other boycott offices (one for each Arab League member) keep blacklists of such prohibited companies.

The secondary and tertiary boycotts became substantial problems in the mid-1970s, when the jump in oil prices provided Arab states with enhanced purchasing power. Western countries resisted Arab pressures for increased boycott compliance. In 1976 and 1977 the United States passed tough anti-boycott laws, making it illegal for American companies to comply with secondary and tertiary boycott clauses. Other Western countries (in particular, France, Canada, and the Netherlands) adopted anti-boycott measures. Elsewhere in Western Europe, governments declared their opposition to the boycott, though without legislative action. Even those governments that disagreed with Israeli policies viewed participation in the Arab boycott as inimical to their values and their sovereign rights to deal both with Arab states and with Israel. Of all the developed world's major economic powers, only Japan has persisted in facilitating compliance with the boycott.

The aim of the Arab boycott system is to isolate Israel and prevent it from developing its infrastructure through foreign investment, shared technology, or other cooperative economic activities. Boycott regulations expressly permit selling fully manufactured goods to Israel. Profiting from Israel is not prohibited—only participating in Israeli economic development.

And yet, as a general rule, the major Japanese industrial companies go the extra mile and refuse even to sell to or to buy from Israel. Toyota, Nissan, Honda, and Mazda have all refused to establish distributorships in Israel. Smaller auto companies such as Subaru and Daihatsu do sell their cars to Israel. (Subaru held a 33 percent share of all automobiles sold in Israel in 1986—by far the largest market share in that country.) But overall, Japan has minimal commerce with Israel. In 1985 Israeli exports to Japan totaled a little over $200 million; Japanese exports to Israel were several million dollars less. Israel is one of the few countries with a surplus in its balance of trade with Japan. Japanese Embassy officials in Washington cite that little irony in an attempt to illustrate the advantages to Israel of the Japanese-Israeli economic relationship. It is obvious, however, that the cause of the surplus is Japan's refusal to sell to Israel. And of Israel's exports to Japan, approximately 70 percent are cut diamonds, which are not identifiably Israeli. Potash from the Dead Sea Works was sold to a Japanese industrial concern (Zennoh) for 26 years. The arrangement was halted in 1982. Israeli officials believe that the reason for the halt and for the current delay in re-establishing sales has been intensified boycott pressures.

THERE IS a long list of ways in which Japan has been unwilling to deal with Israel. Japan Air Lines has refused to establish mutual landing rights with the Israeli airline, El Al. Although Israeli ships call on Japanese ports, no Japanese ships drop anchor in Israel. No Japanese governmental minister, political or economic, has ever visited Israel. No Japanese economic delegation has ever visited Israel. Even proposed cultural exchanges, including those initiated by officials of the Japanese Embassy in Israel, have reportedly been met with foot-dragging and opposition at the Japanese end, often effectively scuttling the proposals. The Japanese government has stated many times that it will not advise Japanese companies whether or not to comply with the boycott. "Fundamentally, it is a commercial judgment," says Yoshiji Nogami, economic counselor at the Japanese Embassy in Washington. "We can't have any instrument which forces Japanese industries in either direction." One of the striking features of Japan's refusals to deal with Israel has been the openness with which Japanese officials have

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stated that they would not deal with Israel because of Arab boycott regulations—a surprisingly uninhibited admission in an area usually characterized by obfuscation.

Why such extensive Japanese compliance with the Arab boycott? Although Japanese dependence on Arab oil has decreased from the 90 percent levels of the late 1970s, 50 percent to 55 percent of Japanese oil still comes from Arab states, with another ten percent purchased from Iran. Middle Eastern oil producers are major markets for Japanese products. Japanese business is risk-averse. Why take any action that might endanger the bottom line?

THIS PICTURE has begun to change slightly, largely as a result, Nogami concedes, of recent American congressional and other political pressure. Representatives Stephen Solarz and Dan Glickman, Mayor Ed Koch of New York City, and other officials have raised the subject with Japanese officials. The issue is now before Prime Minister Yasuhiro Nakasone and the chairman of the Kaidenren, a major association of key Japanese industries, in some ways the Japanese equivalent to the Business Roundtable. The administration, led by the undersecretary of state for economic affairs, Alan Wallis, has reportedly also intervened with the Japanese government. More frequent visits to Japan by Israeli ministers and a visit to Israel in September 1986 by a senior Japanese civil servant are signs of possible change. Some Japanese companies have begun to show an interest in Israeli high technology; seminars on the Israeli economy are being held in a number of Japanese cities.

Japanese officials claim "steady, actual improvements" in Japanese-Israeli relations. Nonetheless, Nogami acknowledges that there are no plans for ministers of the Japanese government to visit Israel, while there have been repeated such visits to Arab countries. But he says that this is not because of the Arab boycott. Asked why the Japanese government does not discourage Japanese companies from refusing to deal with Israel in a manner that exceeds boycott restrictions, he responds that "the Japanese government does not have enough information on the boycott. It doesn't have the means to prove or disprove allegations about the boycott."

Yet Japanese officials are increasingly sensitive about American criticisms of their position on Japanese-Israeli issues. Nogami argues that there is now "an inclination to look into this question. At the very highest level of government we are aware of the issue and of the conflicts involved in it." It appears that American political pressure could be the most important influence on Japan to modify its adherence to a boycott that grossly violates international free trade—precisely the system of barrier-free commerce that Japan thrives on, and to which it provides so much rhetorical support.

HOWARD STANISLAWSKI

Howard Stanislawski taught international relations and international law at Wellesley College. He is now a Washington attorney.

Pete du Pont plays leapfrog.

PATRICIAN POPULIST

Council Bluffs, Iowa

The trappings are unrelentingly upper-class. Former Delaware governor Pierre S. (Pete) du Pont IV has a two-word last name, degrees from Princeton and Harvard Law, and a net worth he pegs at roughly $3 million, give or take a few million. From various assets, he brings in about $450,000 a year and pays $150,000 or so in taxes. When campaigning, he takes along his own make-up kit, which he used to spruce himself up for a 30-minute interview at Heritage Cablevision in Council Bluffs on February 13. He points out that you can't count on finding a make-up person at every TV station. Du Pont, 52 years old, doesn't own a single suit made of polyester. "With all due respect to the family fortune, they're not as nice as cotton or wool," he says.

Yet du Pont, who's running for the 1988 Republican presidential nomination, insists he's no elitist. "I'm a person that believes in creating opportunity for people, and I think that makes me a populist"—a patrician populist. In Council Bluffs, du Pont made a beeline for Rotary Club 153, where polyester is the fabric of choice. Lunch was an exercise in social awkwardness. Du Pont and his hosts found little to say to each other, and ate in near silence. The man who introduced du Pont to the crowd of about 100 businessmen, lawyers, and town officials said of him: "His biography is very, very impressive." Then, as du Pont spoke, the mood changed. He made the case for going far beyond President Reagan's modest reform of domestic programs and overturning the biggest and worst of them (farm price supports, welfare, Social Security). The audience warmed to him.

Du Pont's name, but not his political message, precedes him as he campaigns. From Council Bluffs he flew to Chicago, where he was met by Ken Wright, a leader of conservative Republicans in Illinois. "When I first met you, I expected Nelson Rockefeller," Wright told him. "You sure were surprised," said du Pont. "I was," said Wright. Only the genes are similar. Rockefeller, in his bid for the presidency, went after the Wall Street wing of the GOP: corporate executives, the country club set, the party establishment. Du Pont is concentrating on the Main Street wing: committed right-wingers, owners of small businesses, rural Republicans. It was Reagan's base of support in 1976, 1980, and 1984. Reagan offered conservative rhetoric, and so does du Pont. But there's a difference. Reagan touted ideas that conservatives had been talking up for decades. Du Pont is pushing ones that most conservative politicians are afraid to touch and that Wall Street Republicans find downright repellent. In Chicago du Pont appeared at a luncheon of corporate executives at a stuffy men's club. Socially, the fit was perfect. As they ate, du Pont and the corporate brethren chatted like old friends.

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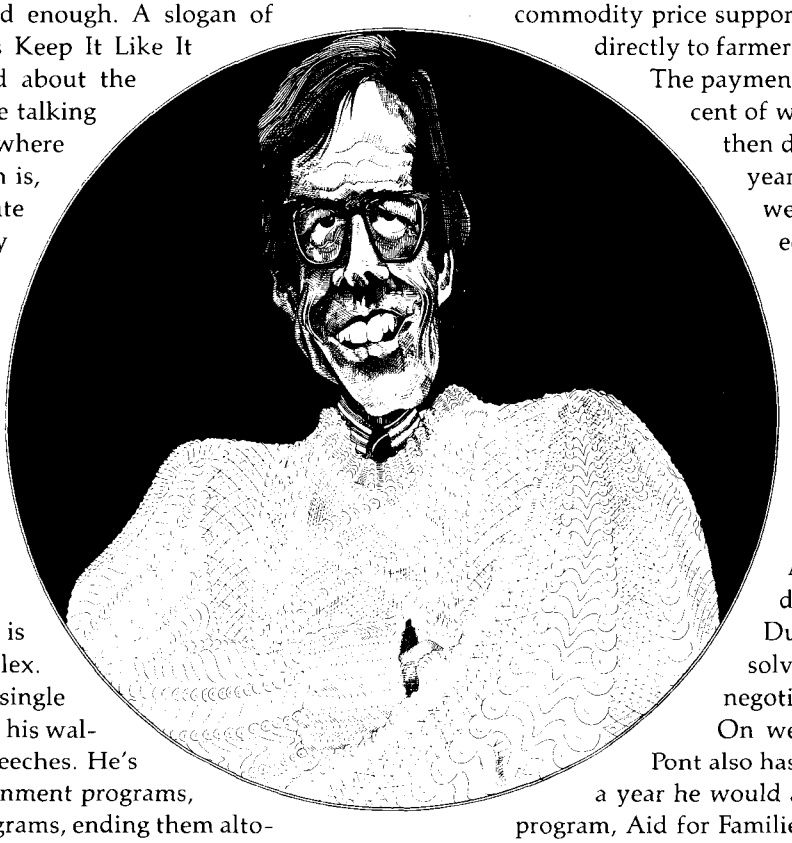
Once he started speaking, a chill set in, and question after question from the crowd oozed with hostility toward du Pont's proposals.

Du Pont is especially blunt about President Reagan: his era is over. "There's no question that President Reagan has been good for us as a nation," he says in his speeches. "Taxes have been reduced, our defenses have been strengthened, our pride is back, our optimism's back, he's changed the course of American politics. But as good as he's been, there's an awful lot still to be done. There are problems out there that are unsolved, there are needs that are unmet, lives that are unfulfilled, people with potential that is untapped. And the question for the next presidential election is not, 'Where have we been?' The question is, 'Where are we going?' . . . One thing we know for sure is the status quo isn't good enough. A slogan of 'Eight More Years—Let's Keep It Like It Is'—slogans of that kind about the past won't help. No sense talking about how great it's been where we've been. The question is, how are we going to create some more opportunity where we're going. . . . I believe we have a chance to move forward in the next decade and the next century so fast and with so much opportunity that we can make what the Reagan revolution has done look like a mere scratch on the surface."



Du Pont's program is sweeping but not complex. He has it written on a single note card that he keeps in his wallet and brings out for speeches. He's for "restructuring" government programs, or in the case of farm programs, ending them altogether. Since du Pont generates little personal excitement, his proposals are, in effect, his campaign. By harping on ideas more radical than those of any other Republican, du Pont's strategy is to "leapfrog the agenda," says aide Jeff Eisenach, a former assistant to Reagan's budget director, James Miller. "We are going to jump as far over what everyone else is saying without jumping off the cliff." Only this way is it possible to make du Pont, a relatively obscure figure in national politics now, a prominent and distinctive candidate. If he settles into arguing with the other candidates over what Eisenach disparages as "the issue of the day," he's doomed. "You've got to say things you believe and hope they're popular," says Eisenach. And hope nobody else is saying them.

So far he's safe. His plan to allow persons to opt partially out of Social Security has been attacked by one Republican candidate, Representative Jack Kemp, and defended by none. Du Pont says Social Security will be in deep trouble once baby boomers reach 65, requiring either a doubling of the payroll tax or a sharp cut in benefits. To avert either, he would give a lucrative tax credit to everyone willing to shift their payroll tax to an IRA and agree to accept smaller Social Security benefits. (See "The Right's Free Lunch" by Mickey Kaus, page 14.) This would be expensive. Du Pont calculates it would cost $20 billion the first year, and that's a conservative estimate. He concedes it would balloon the deficit (no, he won't raise taxes). Big deal. "I'm not running for chief accountant of the United States. I'm running for president to create opportunity in this country."

Du Pont went to Des Moines on January 12 to unveil his farm program, or non-farm program. He would scrap all commodity price supports and pay any subsidies directly to farmers. But only for five years. The payments would start at 100 percent of what the farmer gets now, then dip to 80 percent the next year, and so on. "In six years, we'll be back to a market economy. I believe the American farmer can out-plant, out-harvest, and out-sell any farmer in the world, if we'll let him." What if farmers are then undersold by foreigners who are subsidized and able to offer lower prices? Won't American farmers be driven out of business? Du Pont says he would solve this through trade negotiations.

On welfare and education, du Pont also has radical schemes. Within a year he would abolish the basic welfare program, Aid for Families with Dependent Children, and require that all able-bodied welfare recipients, even mothers of young children, work. "The government can't cure poverty," he says. "Only a job can cure poverty." On education, du Pont advocates a voucher system under which parents would be able to choose the school for their children. "We really need to end the last government monopoly—education," he told a Republican breakfast in Arlington, Virginia, on February 5. "Wouldn't it be terrific to bring competition back into the school system?" If "weaker schools" have to shut down, fine. "They deserve to."

Somewhat more better known than these proposals is du Pont's plan to combat drugs. When he announced his candidacy on September 12, it was at the height of the media-created hysteria over drug use. Hoping to capitalize, he called for "comprehensive," mandatory testing of all high school students. "If we can require vaccinations before kids

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THE RIGHT'S FREE LUNCH

American politicians are not supposed to have "new ideas" about Social Security. Ask Barry Goldwater. But recently two conservative Republicans, ex-Governor Pete du Pont of Delaware, and Congressman Newt Gingrich of Georgia, appear to have shaken off the Goldwater hex by proposing sweeping plans for restructuring the system. Both have received respectful press attention for daring to tell voters something they might not like. When Jack Kemp, Gingrich's New Right colleague, courageously defended Social Security before the American Association of Retired Persons, that only enhanced the image of du Pont and Gingrich as gutsy reformers.

A look at the proposals themselves, however, dispels these illusions. The essential feature of both plans is that they keep the current Social Security system for those retired or about to retire, but make younger workers set aside money for a separate, privatized system that will supplement or replace Social Security for them. Du Pont would allow workers to sock away a sum equivalent to their payroll taxes in a tax-free IRA-style "Financial Security Account." Workers would get a dollar's refundable tax credit for every dollar they put into their FSA, so the investment would be essentially free to them—but their future Social Security coverage would be reduced "proportionately." Gingrich keeps Social Security for those over 40, but requires those under 40 to set aside ten percent of their wages in a "mandatory IRA" that completely replaces Social Security for them.

It all sounds like a delicious free lunch. Nobody's pension is to be reduced. Du Pont even would pass a law protecting current benefits, COLAs and all, against budget cuts. Meanwhile, Social Security's solvency problem gets solved. Gingrich makes it sound as if today's workers would even come out ahead. He would abolish the 14 percent payroll tax, but only require a ten percent IRA investment. "Workers under 40 would have their take-home pay increased by four percent," he says.

It's too good to be true. Social Security, remember, is now a pay-as-you-go system. Today's retirees are supported by the payroll taxes paid by today's workers. Du Pont and Gingrich want today's workers to keep supporting these current retirees, without diminishing benefits. But then they also want today's workers simultaneously to be saving up to pay for their *own* retirement. Something's got to give.

It does. Both plans contain huge hidden tax increases on current workers. In du Pont's plan, you still have to pay the full Social Security payroll tax. Then the government in effect gives you the money—by giving you tax credits—that you deposit in your FSA account. But somebody's going to have to pay for the tax credits too, making up for the revenue they lose. And it's a lot of revenue. Du Pont says his plan would add a mere $20 billion to the deficit in its first year. That assumes only 20 percent of those eligible will take advantage of his scheme, even though he's arranged to make it cost-free. The sign-up rate—and the plan's cost—would probably be far higher, as it must be if the plan is to have its intended effect.

Gingrich's scheme has an equivalent kicker: he would eliminate the payroll tax, but replace it with a value-added tax. For decades, however, this value-added tax would have to raise as much revenue as the payroll tax it replaced, because it must pay for regular Social Security benefits for everyone over 40. So the payroll tax is replaced with an equivalent value-added tax, *plus* younger workers are required to set aside an additional ten percent of their paychecks to pay for their own retirement.

Gingrich obviously hopes the shell game switch of a value-added tax for payroll taxes will distract the voters so they won't notice their combined taxes and contributions have soared. Du Pont's fancy tax-credit-for-IRA maneuver serves the same purpose. There's no reason the tax credit should equal each individual's payroll tax except to foster the false impression that the two balance out.

In effect, both Gingrich and du Pont would have the current generation of workers pay double. It's hard to see why increasing the burden on current workers, while protecting current retirees, is "reform." If any generation has not paid its share of Social Security, it's the one now on the receiving end. Current retirees spent most of their working years paying payroll taxes in the single digits. But they are enjoying the high benefits made possible by the high payroll taxes that have been imposed on workers in the past 15 years (currently 14.3 percent, including the employer's share). Today's workers will be lucky to break even, even before "reform."

By accelerating the burden of paying for their own retirement onto today's workers, both conservative plans could save *some* money. But they would do it by forcing today's workers to lower their consumption (i.e., living standards) and save. Over time the forced savings will earn a productive return. But this is a secondary factor, and, as Robert Kuttner has pointed out, you could achieve precisely the same effect under the current system if you were willing to increase taxes while building up the Social Security trust funds.

There's still a serious debate to be had on the merits of privatized versus socialized pension systems. Privatizers argue that IRA-style investments earn a higher rate of return, that if the Social Security funds run huge temporary surpluses (as scheduled) the government will be unable to invest them productively, or else Congress will raid them.

Socializers point out that some private investments may pay more but they're riskier, and we aren't going to let old people who make bad IRA investments starve, are we? Socialized pensions avoid all the selling costs (brokers, brochures, etc.) of IRAs; they can better handle the risk of inflation and depression; and they allow us to sneak in a little redistribution.

Both sides have points to score. But the bogus du Pont/Gingrich proposals only obscure the debate by pretending, first, that switching from a pay-as-you-go system to an IRA-based system is painless, and second, that it is the solution to the problem of paying for all the benefits we've voted for our grandparents and ourselves. It's neither.

MICKEY KAUS

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go to school, we can require drug testing while they're in school," he declared. This is a questionable point, since vaccinations can't lead to criminal prosecution. Du Pont denies that he's backing away from his drug proposal. But he now mentions only "random testing," and instead of stressing the deterrent value of testing, he plays up the denial of driver's licenses to students who flunk the drug test. "The thing you use to drive a wedge between drugs and schools," he says, "is a little piece of plastic called a driver's license." Du Pont was asked in Chicago how this would cut down on drug use in the inner city, where few kids have cars or licenses. It wouldn't, he admitted.

Although the du Pont agenda is conservative, his proposals have varied roots. Some of his ideas are neoliberal (welfare reform, eliminating farm supports). Some are straight libertarian (parental choice in schools). Some are hard-core conservative (drug testing, early deployment of Star Wars). Some are faintly liberal (stiff sanctions against South Africa, support for the War Powers Act). Few of them are hangovers from his six years as a House member, from 1971 to 1977. In fact, he's apologetic about many of the moderate positions he took in those days, when he voted for a 20-cent increase in the gasoline tax, the Clark amendment banning aid to anti-Communist rebel forces in Angola, and federal funding of abortions.

What changed him was eight years (1977-85) as governor of Delaware. When he took over, the state had high taxes, high unemployment, and a poor credit rating. He cut spending, slashed taxes, and lured new business. The Financial Center Development Act, which offered special tax breaks and regulatory cutbacks, made Delaware an alternate banking center. By the early 1980s, du Pont was more passionate about tax cuts than Jack Kemp. Now he's leapfrogged the supply-side agenda. When Kemp talks about making monetary policy reform an issue in 1988 Eisenach says, "I try to keep a straight face." Still, du Pont is respectful of Kemp, who also calls himself a populist, and says the Republican nominee will be either him or Kemp. "We used to be a bunch of country club and boardroom people and now we understand how you build a majority," du Pont says. "The party's changed." So has he.

FRED BARNES

Central America's latest refugees.

FEET PEOPLE

IN 1983 President Reagan predicted that the policies of the Sandinista government of Nicaragua would generate a surge of Nicaraguan refugees. An administration official said that "whole villages in Nicaragua would pick up and move across the border" into Honduras and Costa Rica. Critics of administration policy, such as Americas Watch, challenged these predictions. In a July 1985 report it said that "since the Sandinistas came to power, despite the military conflict and the hardships resulting from it . . . Nicaragua has absorbed more former refugees than it has created new ones."

The harsh truth is that the flow of refugees now is even worse than the administration predicted it would be. The official statistics of the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees shows that as of last December the UNHCR was assisting 24,195 Nicaraguan refugees in Honduras. An additional 30,000 to 100,000 unregistered Nicaraguans, not including Miskito Indians, have fled to Honduras. In Costa Rica 21,954 Nicaraguans have registered as refugees with the government and thousands of illegal aliens have slipped into the country unnoticed. The vast majority of the 170,000 illegal aliens now in Costa Rica are believed by the Costa Rican government to be Nicaraguans.

Nicaragua has not always been the country in the region producing the most refugees. For the last five years that dubious distinction rested with Guatemala and El Salvador, where the peasant and Indian populations have fled both brutal counterinsurgency wars and officially sanctioned repression. As late as mid-1984, El Salvador had six times as many refugees as Nicaragua. However, the plight of these Salvadoran refugees has been recognized by human rights groups and received much attention from the many organizations that are critical of U.S. foreign policy in Central America. These same organizations have tended to ignore or to minimize the very existence of Nicaragua's refugees.

The numbers of refugees from Nicaragua are increasing. Serge Male, a French administrator of the Honduran camps for the UNHCR, says that about 300 Nicaraguan refugees are arriving per month in Honduras. "Nicaraguan refugees," he stressed, "now compose the majority of refugees fleeing from countries in Central America." In Costa Rica, for example, 6,126 Nicaraguans were granted refugee status in 1986 alone and were put into UNHCR camps. That year only 37 Salvadorans sought refuge in Costa Rica. (In 1980, in contrast, there were 2,147 Salvadoran refugees, and only 86 Nicaraguans.)

THESE NICARAGUANS have left for various reasons: a desire to avoid the draft, and opposition to Sandinista policies such as forced participation in state cooperatives, political and other human rights abuses, opposition to religious freedom, and forced relocation into strategic hamlets. Still others left because of the deteriorating economic conditions. Virtually none of the refugees I spoke with said they had fled to get away from *contra*-imposed terror. The relocation of peasants who live near war zones, and the Nicaraguan government's declaration of certain areas as "free-fire zones," are particularly resented by most campesinos.

Ironically, Nicaragua now seems to be implementing a policy carried out first by right-wing authoritarian regimes in Guatemala and El Salvador. In those two countries, peasants suffered under equally severe relocation programs with the exact same rationale: clear the countryside of peasants so that the guerrillas have no one to blend in with. In all

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three cases, the human rights violations have been massive.

In January I visited four camps, which together held 10,000 refugees: Alvaperal and Boca Arenal in Costa Rica, and Jacaleapa and Teupasanti in Honduras. The facilities in Costa Rica, located near the northern border with Nicaragua, are locked and guarded by armed and uniformed Costa Rican security officials. There are plumbing facilities and electricity, but the refugees live in massive dorms the size of airplane hangars, each filled with hundreds of bunk beds. The camps in Honduras sit on large open spaces of clay dirt, with no trees for shade, and are surrounded by high fences of barbed wire. There is no electricity, and are no sanitary facilities except primitive outhouses. The living quarters are hundreds of small wood huts. In these tiny quarters several families share a space barely adequate for two people. These people try to get by on what little the Red Cross is able to provide.

FIFTY REFUGEES in the Costa Rican camps told us of indiscriminate bombing and shooting of civilians by the Sandinista armed forces. They told their stories reluctantly, and only responded after we asked them what events in particular led them finally to flee their country. They are from the remote, scarcely populated central and southern Zelaya region. They are religious people who do not wish to go to resettlement communities or state-run cooperatives, and who desire to regain their own hard-worked parcels of land. They also live in an area in which the *contras* have been active, close to where Eugene Hasenfus's plane was headed before it crashed. And because many of the peasants in these areas undoubtedly cooperate with the *contras*, the Sandinistas see ample reason to try and interfere with their livelihood.

According to a report in the December 29 *Barricada*, the official Sandinista paper, the Sandinista army has successfully carried out a "tactical strike" in the area in Zelaya near Bluefields, which has managed to "neutralize" the *contras*. Since June 1985, the paper reported, the army had engaged in "Operation Bambú," now declared a success. Apparently many of the refugees we spoke to were victims of this operation. A report in the February 6 *Wall Street Journal*, based on interviews with Sandinista leaders in Managua, says that in the Atlantic coast areas, the Sandinistas had created "a defense cordon of militarized agricultural cooperatives." Moreover, "the Sandinistas showed off their increased military prowess in December, during two impressive exercises that demonstrated their ability to execute a highly mobile combined armed assault using the increased firepower of Soviet Hind helicopters and anti-aircraft weapons." The refugees' story suggests that this action was a bit more than a mere exercise.

They talked of bombing raids, and of friends and neighbors, including young children, who had died from the attacks. They also told of the destruction of houses, churches, schools, and other buildings. They described the air attacks as consisting of a combination of grenades, rockets, automatic fire, and explosives dropped from up to six MI-Hind 24 or other helicopters, Push-Pull planes and/or a light single-engine plane. We were told that army battalions sometimes arrived on foot after the air attack, to carry out a mop-up operation. One refugee, Juan Martinez Bravo, described two battalions that came through his village in June 1985, killing one seven-year-old boy and a friend. These "search and destroy" missions went from farm to farm shooting anyone they saw, taking and killing livestock, and burning houses that had survived the air attack.

THE REFUGEES said the Nicaraguan government had made no attempt to evacuate them, or to warn them in advance of bombing raids. The raids took place on their homes and villages, and not against the *contras* when their troops were present. In some cases *contras* had passed through their villages previously, or were a few hours away. The Sandinistas made no distinction between civilians and combatants as targets, and fired indiscriminately on men, women, and children.

A middle-aged evangelical preacher, Teofilo Garcia Garcia, from Punta Gorda, a town on Nicaragua's Atlantic coast between Bluefields and San Juan del Norte, told us of a bombing raid carried out by six helicopters. It took place on December 9, 1986. He was among a group of 57 people who had arrived at the refugee camp in mid-January, four days before we spoke with them. They had walked through Nicaragua for six weeks. "They used grenades and automatic weapons," Garcia said. "They bombed El Puerto about one year ago and now they bombed Punta Gorda, where all the campesinos live. There was no warning; they only wanted to kill us. . . ." In all, the refugees we interviewed reported indiscriminate air and ground attacks in seven villages in the Zelaya region, in 11 separate incidents. The raids clearly were meant to kill or drive out of the region any campesinos whose farms might serve as a potential source of food for the *contras*.

Perhaps the most poignant story I heard in Costa Rica was that of a middle-aged carpenter from Managua, Jose Luis Lacaya Garcia. A member of the Free Apostolic Church, Lacaya was arrested in May 1984, and security police threatened to kill his son if he kept on with his proselytizing. He and 40 other members of his church were ordered to cease their prayer meetings. Ironically, Lacaya was an evangelical who belonged to the trade union dominated by the old-line Moscow-oriented Communists of Nicaragua.

Lacaya had just arrived at the camp, after walking 75 days with his pregnant wife and five young children. He had been admonished in Managua not to practice his religion, and was denied valued ration and medical cards from the local block committee. Finally the Sandinistas ordered him to work "voluntarily" full-time on Sunday as well as Saturday. He left for a remote and rural area near Nueva Guinea, where a relative had a small *finca*, and where he hoped to start a new life. But a prolonged invasion from light infantry forces began on March 3, and the troops shot at anyone they saw. After fighting erupted in the area and it became impossible to find enough food for his family, he

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decided to undertake the harrowing two-and-a-half-month trek out of Nicaragua.

Conversations with over 150 refugees at the Honduran camps produced a different picture. They had not been subjected to infantry or air attacks, but left because they had been persecuted by the government. The refugees at Jacaleapa and Teupasanti camps were largely campesinos, who complained of the Sandinistas' insistence that they give up their small plots and join state-run cooperatives. These small farmers are bitterly opposed to the Sandinistas, and some of them are openly pro-*contra*.

Others declined to support the *contra* effort. The Christian evangelicals opposed fighting on either side. One young man in his early 20s explained that "it is hard to be young in Nicaragua, and it is hard to be young here." In his country, he said, if you opposed the Sandinistas they called you a *contra*. In the camps the older men called him a Sandinista, because he refused to join the rebels. "I despise the Sandinistas," he told me,"but there must be some other way to defeat them than by more bloodshed. As a Christian, I cannot accept the path of the *contras*."

Those filling all of these camps are not the wealthy Nicaraguan bourgeoisie, some of whom are still living in Managua and doing a good business with the government. Nor are they the middle-class exiles who have incomes and jobs in other countries. The refugees seem precisely the kind of people for whom the Sandinista revolution was supposedly carried out. Yet they are people who express only disdain for the Sandinistas' agenda for their country. They are becoming a generation of perpetual refugees—filling the countryside in neighboring lands that cannot afford to absorb them into their own economies. They wait for a settlement of the problems in their country, bearing witness to a world that seems not even to know of their existence.

RONALD RADOSH

Ronald Radosh recently returned from a fact-finding mission to refugee camps in Honduras and Costa Rica for the Puebla Institute, a lay Catholic human rights organization based in New York.

POSTCARD CENTRAL EUROPE

BORDERS OF THE MIND

THE IRON CURTAIN isn't what it used to be. Now that visa requirements have been abolished between Vienna and Budapest, the train takes under three hours between the two capitals of the old empire, and hardly stops at the border. The passport check is as smooth as between Paris and Brussels.

Traveling from Budapest to Prague is a different story. Our train stopped at the border for an hour and a half, and on the opposite platform we admired the thorough checks of the train going to Budapest. Border guards with torches looked under the coaches—as if someone was likely to choose freedom by sneaking into Hungary! That says something about the state of mind of the Czechoslovak authorities. But I was assured by Hungarian friends that trains going into Romania are even more closely watched.

THE REAL iron curtain today seems to run between Soviet bloc countries. Poland's borders with East Germany and Czechoslovakia are virtually sealed off; since 1980 its neighbors have been concerned about the spread of the "Polish disease." In 1978 some two million Czechs visited Poland; five years later only 3,000 did, and the slight increase since then is primarily due to package tours and youth camps. While Gorbachev presses for increased economic integration of the Warsaw Pact, the member states tend to drift toward a new brand of isolationism.

This intrabloc parochialism is developing at a time when some of the old barriers to the West are coming down. People in Prague and Budapest tend to be better informed about developments in Western Europe than about those in a neighboring socialist country. West German television is assiduously watched not just in East Germany but also in most of Bohemia. Austrian TV can be seen in the Czech cities of Brno and Bratislava (Pressburg), and in the western half of Hungary. On a Saturday morning in Brno (an hour from Vienna) people can be seen buying the last copies of the ultra-Stalinist and thoroughly unreadable daily of the Austrian Communist Party, *Volkstimme*. It's not because of some curious ideological masochism on the part of "normalized" Czechs, but because the Saturday edition carries the weekly programs of the Austrian television.

The trend is inevitable. The forthcoming introduction of satellite TV to Central Europe is already prompting authorities to respond. In Budapest the government is trying out its own programming by introducing talk shows on foreign policy with Western experts in the studio. In contrast, Prague authorities are resisting, even going so far as to delay the publication of a new Czech-German dictionary. For the postwar generation, German was associated with the Nazi occupation, and English (sometimes French) was the obvious alternative to the compulsory study of Russian in schools. Now, I am told, crash courses in German are overbooked. To follow "Dallas" and "Dynasty" on West German TV is as powerful an incentive as any to study the tongue of Goethe.

The impact of the West German media in the neighboring countries of Central Europe is a mixed one. On the one hand it obviously helps to undermine the Party's ideological control. But in watching the reactions to the Reykjavik summit in Budapest and Prague, one gets the impression that there are also unexpected side effects to the uncensored images coming from the West. In both capitals I found among independent intellectuals as well as the man on the street a disappointment that an arms control breakthrough failed be-

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cause of President Reagan's hazy dream of Star Wars.

This kind of argument was often backed by references to reports by the Western (namely German and Austrian) media. Indeed, the Western media disagree with the official Eastern European media on everything except that Reagan "the warmonger" was the prime culprit for the failure of the summit, and that Gorbachev the "reformer" must be given the benefit of the doubt so that he can pursue internal reforms.

Thus a certain anti-American bias and a relatively favorable image of Gorbachev are conveyed to people in Prague, East Berlin, and Budapest not by the local Communist media (which are too discredited to do the job), but by their Western neighbors. A study a couple of years ago by a French TV correspondent in Bonn comparing West German television coverage of Soviet affairs with coverage of American affairs found an overwhelming imbalance in favor of Moscow. The Aspen Institute of Berlin compared the coverage in French and West German weeklies, such as *Der Spiegel*, and found the West Germans much more critical of American policies.

ONE OF THE ways for the independent intellectuals of Central Europe to make themselves heard in their own countries is to make contact with Western public opinion, either through the media or through political movements. The dissidents are not prepared to follow West Germans on their one-sided anti-American track. The dissident intellectuals are scornful of or amused by the naïveté of the endless stream of West German, Scandinavian, and British peace activists passing through Central Europe. The clearest statement of the Central Europeans' doubts about the Western peace movement was made by Czech playwright Vaclav Havel in his now-famous 1985 essay "Anatomy of a Reticence." They want a dialogue with the peace movement, but their precondition is the link between peace and human rights. There can be no détente between East and West, they insist, as long as there is no détente between state and society in Czechoslovakia, Poland, Hungary, and the other Soviet bloc countries. Nevertheless, the Westerners' invitations to the Central Europeans—to attend peace conferences and sign joint declarations—are rarely perceived by Central Europeans for what they are: namely attempts by the Western peace movement to legitimize itself as the alleged equivalent or counterpart of the Central European dissident movement.

The two movements, the Westerners' argument goes, should simultaneously strive to become the counterweights to the competition between the two military-industrial complexes facing each other in the heart of Europe. This indeed is the philosophy behind the first major document prepared jointly by representatives of Western European peace movements and a number of dissidents in Prague, East Berlin, and Budapest (significantly, only very few Poles joined in) and presented at the Vienna conference on European security in November.

Why are dissident intellectuals prepared to put aside their reticence and get involved in what might seem to be a dubious dialogue? I was given two reasons.

The first, more pragmatic, reason is that it's the only game in town. In the 1970s the human rights issue was voiced within the Helsinki framework of East-West détente; in the 1980s it had to be presented in the context of the dominant East-West issue: the superpower arms race. After "no détente without human rights," the slogan is "peace and freedom are indivisible."

The second reason concerns the Central European predicament. As all attempts at genuine internal change in the region have failed (Hungary, 1956; Czechoslovakia, 1968; Poland, 1980-81), the hopes tend to be channeled into external factors. The slight loosening of the Soviet grip, the argument goes, is plausible only as part of a mutual disengagement from the center of Europe by the two superpowers. The way to overcome the "Yalta legacy" is through the denuclearization of a "neutralized" Central Europe. Seen from Paris, this sounds like a perfect nightmare, with its bogey of German reunification. But seen from Prague, Budapest, and especially East Berlin, "neutralism" is by no means a dirty word.

THERE IS, however, another aspect of the "greening of Central Europe": a newly voiced concern for the environment that involves not only the ghetto of dissident intellectuals, but a broad strata of the population in Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and East Germany. Acid rain, the slow death of the Central European forest, and the Chernobyl fallout have brought into the open the scope of the ecological disaster facing an area where "centrally planned" industrialization is pursued without the counterweight of independent public opinion. It also made everybody realize that environmental issues are oblivious to borders. You don't have to be a weatherman to know which way the wind is blowing from Chernobyl.

One of the most telling examples is the hotly contested plan to build two dams on the Danube near the border between Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and Austria. The whole landscape between the Slovak city of Bratislava and Budapest is to be "reshaped"—destroyed, say the Hungarian "greens." Their fears range from water pollution in Budapest to a flood threat posed to the city in case of an accidental break on the dam. They also point to the likely disappearance of Hungarian rural communities on the Slovak side of the Danube, and question the financial wisdom of a venture the main purpose of which seems to be to provide cheap electricity for Vienna.

The Hungarian ecological movement, named the "Danube Circle," after a small group of Hungarian environmentalists, gathered thousands of signatures in 1984-86 protesting the construction of the dam. The Danube Circle has now apparently been silenced. In the spring of 1986, the Hungarian police broke up a joint demonstration of Austrian and Hungarian ecologists on the site of the planned power station. As one participant put it, "Austria will provide finance and technology; Hungary, censorship and police clubs." The Blue Danube might well be transformed beyond recognition, but Western tourists need not worry.

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They will still be able to take the Vienna-Budapest hovercraft and enjoy the thrill of crossing the Iron Curtain on a cushion of air.

Perhaps the most powerful ingredient in the slow dissolution of postwar political borders is the rediscovery of a distinct Central European cultural identity. There are lively debates in Budapest and Prague over novelist Milan Kundera's definition of the tragedy of Central Europe—torn between its cultural allegiance to the West and its political "kidnapping" by the East. Interestingly, most of the debates tend to gloss over the German factor in the tragedy of Central Europe. Instead, they focus on the (un) European nature of Russia; the "Caesaro-papist" tradition of subservience to the state and its ideology; the absence of the very notion of a "civil society." All these are seen as key elements in the great divide between Soviet Russia and Central Europe. The religious revival (most visible in Czechoslovakia) encouraged by the Polish pope's rehabilitation of the Slavic component of Western Christendom is yet another aspect of the phenomenon.

The longing for a Central European identity is often also combined with a critical re-examination of the history of the region. The revival of the Central European idea is thus related both to the wish to overcome the Yalta legacy and to a deeper disillusionment with nationalist ideologies, sometimes even with the very concept of nation-states that proved too weak to resist right-wing and later left-wing brands of totalitarianism.

However, the Central European idea is not devoid of ambiguities and misunderstandings. In Central Europe it is primarily a way to assert an identity distinct from the one imposed by the Soviet overlord. In West Germany the new interest in Mitteleuropa is related to the search for the solution to the German question. This entails an assertion of greater distance vis à vis the West and the Atlantic community, and a degree of understanding with Russia. As always, this is conceivable only over the heads of the Czechs, the Hungarians, and the Poles. The fact that these different concepts of Central Europe, east and west of the political divide, are rediscovered simultaneously does not imply that they are compatible, let alone desirable.

JACQUES RUPNIK

Jacques Rupnik is a senior fellow at the Fondation Nationale des Sciences Politiques in Paris.

The holiday and the future racial agenda.

THE KING TO COME

BY BAYARD RUSTIN

THERE WERE two Americans who attempted to forge one nation from the two societies created by the Founders' failure to resolve the problem of slavery. One was Abraham Lincoln, whom we honored only implicitly on Presidents' Day (the billing being shared with George Washington). The other was Martin Luther King Jr., for whom there is a national holiday. The reason we honor King and not Lincoln lies in the strategies and tactics that each man employed in attempting to make this a single nation. Lincoln, one of our history's most heroic figures, has not been voted a holiday of his own because of the burning of Atlanta and Sherman's scorched-earth march to the sea that left a wide swath of destruction; because of the North's mistreatment of Southern prisoners of war, including the withholding of adequate food and medical care; and because of the economic brutalization of the South for years after the war. Lincoln's legacy was a miasma of hatred and resentment that made it impossible ever after to achieve the political consensus necessary to establish a Lincoln national holiday.

At a time when racial issues have returned to the fore in America, King's contribution to the struggle for racial equality cannot be overstated. But with the killing at Howard Beach and the demonstrations at Forsyth County in mind, it is still important to recognize that it was King's struggle above and beyond the push for racial equality that was his greatest accomplishment. The King holiday is not a holiday solely for blacks; if it were, we would not have achieved it. It is a holiday to which all Americans of goodwill are committed largely because King's strategy and tactics, imbued with the spirit of nonviolence, love, and affections, finally made feasible the emergence, under law, of a single nation—the states truly united.

Beyond this, King made three major contributions to our society that are seldom mentioned. First, wherever a stratified social structure exists, inevitably those on the bottom fear those at the top. Following the Civil War, black fraternal organizations, churches, and newspapers admonished blacks to stand up against fear. W. E. B. DuBois, Marcus Garvey, Malcolm X, and other black leaders carried on in

Bayard Rustin is president of the A. Philip Randolph Educational Fund. This article was adapted from a speech delivered at Harvard University Chapel on January 19.

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the same tradition. But it was King who helped shift the psychological balance between fear and contempt, and in so doing became an enduring symbol of that shift. By leading blacks into the streets, hand-in-hand with whites, he demonstrated that fear on the bottom could be overcome simultaneously with the destruction of contempt on the top. This was truly miraculous.

Second, King used the strategy of passive resistance in a unique way. Unlike Gandhi, who used nonviolence with the support of the majority against British colonial rule, King applied it to a situation where a small minority was seeking to wrest concessions from a majority. This inversion was a remarkable achievement. With it, King brought down old bigoted institutions and helped to create new democratic ones. He understood that human conflicts—in the family, community, nation, or the world—could be reconciled only if one party was prepared to take great risks. He understood that the more enlightened had to take burdens upon themselves, and that security springs from the voluntary acceptance of insecurity. His approach demonstrated that if people of goodwill sat in together at a segregated theater, restaurant, hotel, or bus, and were prepared to persevere despite repeated arrests and violence, such institutions would be dissolved and new, more democratic ones would emerge.

Third, King's tactics came to be used by every oppressed group in the United States, and will continue to be. The Hispanics learned from him, and they went into the streets. The women's movement did the same. The students of this nation, those who demonstrated peacefully, were following his lead. Homosexuals lost their fear, came out of the closet, and marched for their rights as equal citizens. And those who were beating on homosexuals learned that they could no longer do so with impunity. In other words, King's tactics aimed to destroy the old framework of societal interactions and create a new one.

But, as the successes of the civil rights movement demonstrate, every advance that a society makes is accompanied by new problems. The legislative victories of the early 1960s resulting from King's courageous efforts had both positive and negative consequences. They gave blacks a legal basis for social and economic mobility. However, this led to a decline in black entrepreneurial activities and to the isolation of the black poor.

BEFORE THE civil rights acts, the only way black people could go into business was to serve black people where they were forced, either de jure or de facto, to live. Thus, black ministers preached to black congregations, black schoolteachers taught black children in black schools, black restaurateurs served black people in black establishments. When King's movement helped dismantle segregation, making it possible for blacks to move into the mainstream economy, the ghetto economy began to unravel. The hotels that were black disappeared. The first-class black restaurants went under. The theaters left the black ghettos. The best black teachers and educators and students, now able to go to Harvard, Princeton, and Brown, left the black schools.

A second byproduct of King's revolution was the flight of the black upper and middle classes from the ghettos, leaving behind a hard-pressed working class and a hard-core underclass. Some in the black community decry this phenomenon, implying that those who left somehow betrayed those left behind. This is nonsense. Class mobility is not an exclusively black characteristic. It is a characteristic of the sociological grasshopping that makes America. The minute Jews could get out of New York's Hester Street, they did. The minute Irish could get out of Hell's Kitchen, they did. The minute Italians could get off Mott Street, they did. Leaving inner-city tenements to own homes in the emerging suburbs was a dream shared by all upwardly mobile groups in America. It is naive to believe that all blacks were going to stay on Harlem's 125th Street as it deteriorated.

SHORTLY BEFORE he was killed, King had an inkling of the problems that would emerge partly as the result of his early successes. He sensed that the passage of civil rights legislation had shifted the focus from purely racial concerns to the broader and less tractable issues of political empowerment and economic justice. Addressing these issues was the next big step toward freedom. Had King lived a few years longer, he may have developed effective strategies to deal with the next phase of the revolution. Indeed, he had proposed what came to be known as the Poor People's Campaign, which never really got off the ground.

The difficulty with that campaign was not rooted in its perception of the problem, but in its strategy and tactics. It had been relatively easy to rally blacks to abolish, with the help of the federal judicial system, segregationist laws that subjected them daily to humiliation and intimidation. It was another thing to motivate people to march for jobs, for training, and for economic justice, none of which could be legislated by the stroke of a pen or the taking down of "Colored Only" signs. For example, trade unions needed to spend millions of dollars to organize workers to stand up for their economic interests. Unlike the struggle against segregation, the struggle for economic equity would require huge resources and a national consensus to spend billions of dollars essential to address the problems of the poor.

What King cold not have foreseen is that this nation is creating what will be, in the next 20 years, millions of economic untouchables. These are men and women who will never work, for whom there will be no work, and whom society will regard as something less than human. In Western industrial societies, one is defined largely by one's work. Mrs. Jones on welfare is a non-person in the eyes of society, and as a result she is likely to see herself as such.

Unable to find work and stripped of their humanity in relation to society at large, the underclass then faces the additional onus of latent racism rising to the surface. Ironically, this development comes at a time when the changing nature of the economy has hurt a growing segment of

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Americans of all races. Under these circumstances, racial conflict is all the more tragic, since the victimizers have more in common with their victims. The unemployed white teenager in Queens and the unemployed black youth in Harlem should be natural allies, not enemies. Neither the dispossessed farmer, nor the laid-off white factory worker in Detroit, nor the idle black steelworker in Pittsburgh can improve his or her condition without recognizing that they all must join in a common struggle.

The old form of racism was based on prejudging all blacks as somehow inherently undeserving of equal treatment. What makes the new form more insidious is its basis in observed sociological data. The new racist equates the pathology of the poor with race, ignoring the fact that family dissolution, teenage pregnancy, illegitimacy, alcohol and drug abuse, street crime, and idleness are universal problems of the poor. They exist wherever there is economic dislocation and deterioration—in the cities, for example, dotting Britain's devastated industrial north. They are rampant among the white jobless in Liverpool as well as among unemployed blacks in New York. And if the American underclass seems more violent, it is only because we, as a nation, are more violent.

THE NEW forms of racism cannot be attacked frontally. Society will not combat the new racism, as has been naively suggested in the press, by asking people to be good or asking teachers to teach new courses on tolerance. Nor can it be attacked by adopting the strategy and tactics used so effectively by King in the 1960s.

To combat bigotry and injustice today requires an analysis of structural changes in the economy that have contributed to the growth of the poor underclass, and a national agenda to address the ramifications of these changes. The technological revolution, automation, cybernation, and robots have taken jobs away from the poor and uneducated. And though some of these innovations create work, they do not create work for those without skills or, worse, those unable to attain them. Labor-intensive industries, which were prime vehicles for economic advancement for generations of white immigrants and black former slaves, have gone overseas, never to return.

To honor King we must look ahead, beyond the racial equality dream, to economic equity. It must be remembered that the civil rights King struggled for did not cost the American public one penny. Nor did it cost the American people anything to permit blacks to go to universities with equality, or into theaters and hotels, or to have the right to vote. Even the much maligned Great Society programs of the Johnson era were relatively inexpensive given the robustness of the economy at the time.

By contrast, the second phase of the revolution envisioned by King will require billions of dollars. But they are not dollars that will be spent on an exclusively black agenda. Continuing black economic progress and equal opportunity are not contingent on the government providing "special treatment" to blacks. Any preferential approach postulated along racial, ethnic, religious, or sexual lines will only disrupt a multicultural society and lead to a backlash. However, special treatment can be provided to those who have been exploited or denied opportunities if solutions are predicated along class lines, precisely because all religious, ethnic, and racial groups have a depressed class who would benefit.

Black economic progress is contingent upon the national economy performing well for all Americans. That can only happen if the federal government commits billions in resources to a comprehensive program that addresses this nation's deteriorating economic position and the erosion of education and research and development. We need a national commitment to excellence in education and to federal vocational and job-training programs to help blacks and others enter an increasingly specialized and competitive job market, and to move on to new jobs when technological innovation eliminates old jobs. Those who argue that such programs would be expensive must realize that for every one million people unemployed, the cost to the United States is a staggering $24 billion annually in lost federal taxes.

There must also be a national commitment to formulate and implement a strategy for reducing poverty and easing the suffering of the underclass. We must accept the obvious fact that there are many among the poor who are psychologically unequipped to deal with the harsh realities of making it in society, but these people cannot be simply dismissed or left to wander the streets. And we must accept that the programs will be costly. In the long term, however, they will be less expensive for society than keeping people in jails, mental institutions, and drug rehabilitation centers.

Finally, there must be a national commitment to safeguarding civil rights and anti-discrimination regulations that have been indispensable to social and economic progress for blacks, women, Hispanics, and other minorities. The Reagan administration is zealously seeking to roll back many of the gains King gave his life to achieve.

IF WE truly want to honor King, we must bear in mind the basic lessons he taught us. First, we must avoid polarization. King helped win the battle against segregation because he forged a general consensus based on the notion that its elimination was in the interest of all Americans. Today's struggle must be based on a non-racial program for economic justice that would facilitate the formation of coalitions based on mutual need. Second, King realized that the government will never bring about social change without the manifestation of a national will for change. And finally, King never lost sight of his immediate purpose: the abolition of racist laws barring blacks from normal participation in mainstream society. Even as the tactics to achieve economic equity have, by necessity, shifted from protest to politics, even as the struggle has moved out of the streets into the corporate boardrooms and national political organizations, these fundamental principles of the King legacy remain an integral part of the struggle. □

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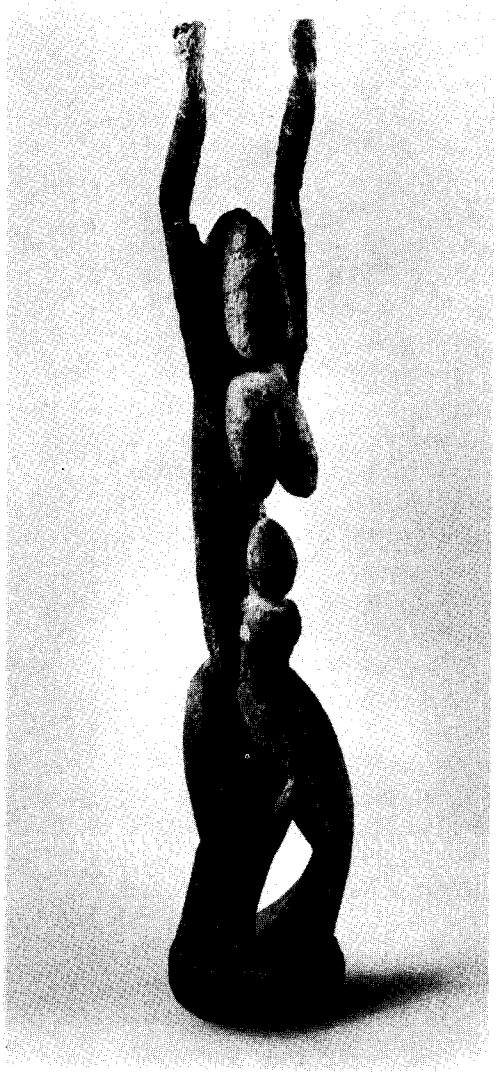

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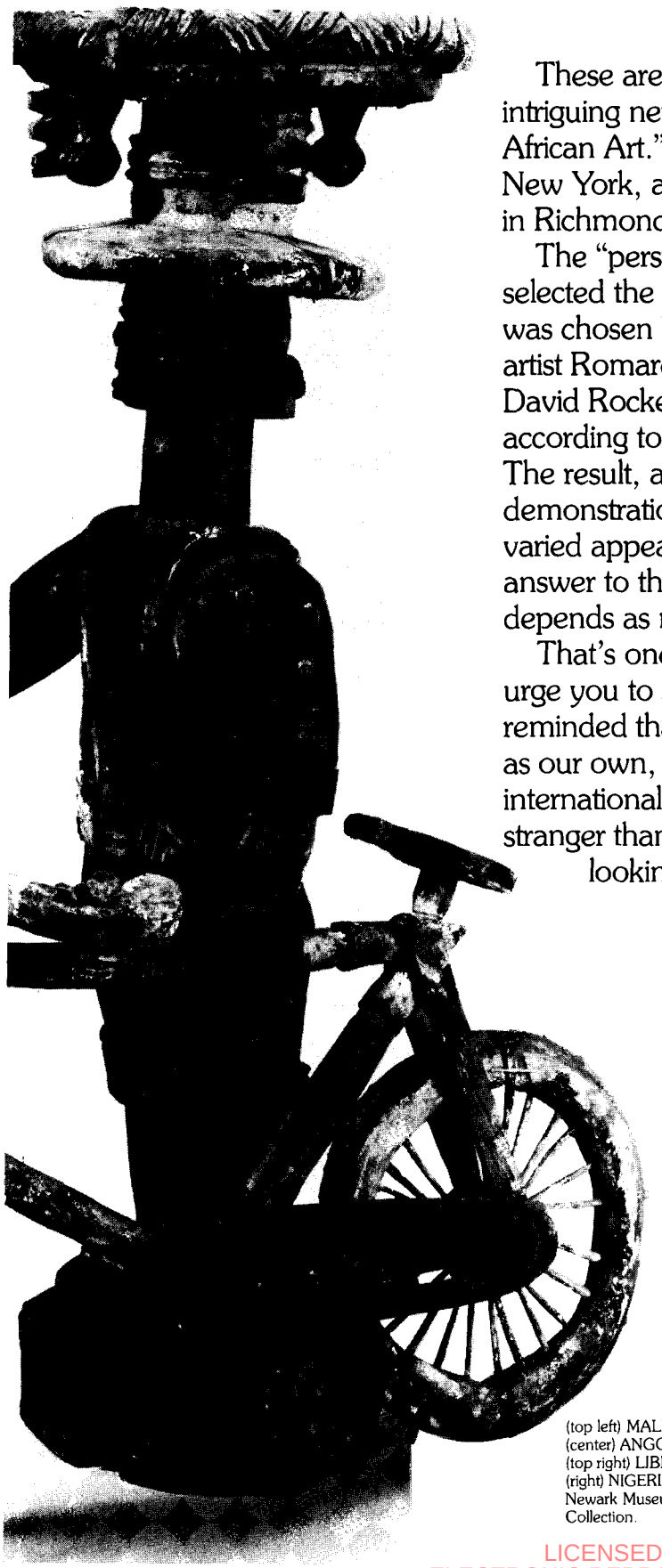

These are just 5 of 100 fascinating pieces of African art in an intriguing new exhibition entitled "Perspectives: Angles on African Art." It was organized by The Center for African Art, New York, and premieres at the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts in Richmond from February 21 through April 26, 1987.

The "perspectives" are those of the different experts who selected the objects—the man with the bicycle, for instance, was chosen by writer James Baldwin, the mother and child by artist Romare Bearden, and the young girl's head by collector David Rockefeller. The experts (10 in all) selected objects according to their individual tastes, backgrounds and interests. The result, as you can see even in this small sample, is a demonstration of the many-sidedness of African art, of its varied appeals and multiple meanings. It shows us that the answer to the question "What are you looking at?" sometimes depends as much on *who* we are as on *what* we see.

That's one reason we sponsored this exhibition and why we urge you to see it. In our business as in yours, we need to be reminded that other perspectives, other sensibilities, are as valid as our own, and can enrich us. The diverse peoples our international businesses deal with around the world are no stranger than we are, and in some measure, what we are truly looking at, in people and in art, is ourselves.

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(top left) MALI, DOGON MOTHER AND CHILD, wood, height 18″, Graham Collection New York. (center) ANGOLA, CHOKWE FIGURE OF WARRIOR HERO, wood, height 14⅝″, Private Collection. (top right) LIBERIA, GREBO MASK, wood, paint, height 21″, Collection of Mr. & Mrs. Saul Stanoff. (right) NIGERIA, YORUBA CLOTH VENDOR FIGURE, wood, paint, height 35¾″, Collection of The Newark Museum. (bottom left) GABON, FANG RELIQUARY HEAD, wood, height 13¾″, Private Collection.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Days of Yore, Days of Gore

Radio Days
(Orion)
Dead of Winter
(MGM)

An uncle of mine was the first one in our family to buy a radio, in the mid-1920s, and once a week all the rest of us trooped up to the Bronx to listen to it. I was eight or nine, and though I can't remember the programs, I remember the miracle—also the smell of the set when it heated up. Within a few months our household had its own set, and I felt that we had become members of a public secret society. We were privy now to messages floating invisibly all around us, that were in the very air we breathed.

Woody Allen's *Radio Days* begins about 14 years later, when radio was still king. As usual in an Allen period piece, the atmospherics are first class. The clothes and rooms and cars are easy enough to get; but Allen recaptures the way people lived by the radio, as a skin diver lives by his snorkel. (Television expanded this feeling, of course, but it lacked a basic novelty: society—people's *homes*—had already been electronically linked.) The cinematographer, Carlo di Palma, recreates precisely the lighting of broadcasting studios, a light that both embalmed and enhanced. In the mid-1940s I wrote and directed a network radio show, and I can vouch for di Palma's uncanny authenticity. That light, unlike TV studio lighting, was just part of the workplace, or, if there was a studio audience, part of the hype. Santo Loquasto, the designer, gets fun out of the fact that, when there was an audience, the actors often worked against a background display that pushed the sponsor's product.

Another asset of the film is that Allen isn't in it. He narrates; and though names have been changed, we are meant to assume, from the first-person narration, that the Jewish family we see in their Rockaway Beach home represents Allen's family. (Please consider that the obligatory comparison with Neil Simon's *Brighton Beach Memoirs*—same period, same social group—has been made, and we'll move on.) The core of the film is the effect that certain radio shows had on various members of the family and their friends. The script is made up of a series of (mostly) self-contained episodes, with little continuity, and Allen gets much out of what was being imagined as against what the actors really looked like.

This latter element leads to a structural defect. Allen doesn't stick to the listeners' end of things; he takes us into the lives of some of the radio performers. Thus *Radio Days* splits right down the middle, between social history and show-biz anecdotes. If Allen had stayed with the former and explored it further, the film might have been stronger; most of the latter are familiar or strained. Even some of the Rockaway episodes have nothing to do with radio, such as one in which a young woman discovers that her date is homosexual and one in which a member of the family goes next door to rebuke some Communist neighbors and comes back two hours later a slogan-slinging Red. But Allen makes good Rockaway use of quiz shows, Westerns, the Orson Welles Martian broadcast, and more.

Mia Farrow, who did a sharp Mafia tootsie in *Broadway Danny Rose*, settles for a trite caricature here as a nightclub cigarette girl. Tony Roberts, the son of a well-known announcer of the period, seems utterly at ease as an announcer. David Warrilow, one of Samuel Beckett's favorite actors, is miscast as a breakfast-show host: no such host ever sounded British or even upper-class American. Allen's self-hate leaks out yet again in the casting of "his" family. All of them are strikingly plain, except one spinster aunt, nicely played by Dianne Wiest; and that aunt is made both nearsighted and unlucky in love.

Radio Days joins *Zelig*, *A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy*, *Stardust Memories*, to name only a few, as another Allen film that starts well and thins out because the scriptwriter depended too much on the director. Allen, the director, has become competent; Allen, the writer, still doesn't ask the screenplay enough tough questions before the shooting begins.

Dead of Winter, directed by Arthur Penn, is a murder-thriller, not a whodunit but an attempt at Hitchcock suspense. The opening shot is unpromising (and the unpromise is kept). First, the color is heavy, and remains so, in Jan Weincke's camera. Second, the first image is of a billboard promoting a charity, with the picture of a hand and the words "Lend a Hand." Thus we all know that something is portended. Two women have their ring fingers cut off in the course of the film, thus lending their hands to the plot.

There are more "plants"—matters blatantly established in the first half of the picture to be utilized later: a cellophane bag of goldfish given as a bonus by a filling station; a bear trap; a player piano activated by the heartbeat of a man who carries a device in the breast pocket of his shirt.

Then there are the false scares—a New Year's Eve horn, a sudden knock at a car

FILMS WORTH SEEING

84 Charing Cross Road. Moderately engaging account of a friendship-by-mail between a New York woman who loves books and a London bookseller. Anne Bancroft refreshingly restrained, Anthony Hopkins a bit *too* restrained by a straitened role. (Reviewed 2/23/87)

The Good Father. Hopkins has a better (and bitter) role here, a Londoner whose wife and small son have left him. The script is sardonic and intelligent, if never moving. (2/9/87)

Platoon. Vietnam combat grippingly recreated by Oliver Stone, who was there. All the more terrible because we see it through the perspective of what has happened since then in Southeast Asia. (1/19/87)

Thérèse. The life of a saint—Thérèse of Lisieux—rendered in a delicate yet strong work of art. Whatever one's faith or non-faith, Alain Cavalier's film is beautiful. (12/29/86)

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window—meant to make us jump although they have nothing to do with the story. And there are the ostentatious homages: to Hitchcock (a leg in a cast, a glass of milk carried up a staircase), to a cult director named Joseph Lewis (his name is given to the mastermind villain). And there are the fish-eye lens shots and the gurgly sound track from the point of view of a drugged person. And there is the excruciating score by Richard Einhorn, with screams in the violins when someone is attacked and chug-chugs in the double basses when the scene is supposed to be exciting.

The plot—well, there's a very great deal of it. I'll mention only that it includes an isolated snowbound mansion inhabited by a doctor in a wheelchair and his insane lackey; secret doors; and three look-alike women all played by the same actress. The incredibility begins with the assumption that the lackey could come down to New York, pose convincingly as a casting agent, and lure an actress into accompanying him back to the mansion. Why? Because the story needs it. The story also needs a working telephone in a musty old attic. It also needs hysteria in the heroine at important moments to keep her from telling outsiders what's happening. The co-writers, Marc Shmuger and Mark Malone, tried to create convolutions that grow progressively more knotted, but they forgot that however clever such a script is—in Hitchcock and Reed and others—it starts from the credible, often the commonplace.

When a film fizzles, particularly a genre film, particularly if it's made by a celebrated director, plenty of people rush forward to tell us that it was *meant* to fizzle, that it's a put-on. The apologists have already appeared for *Dead of Winter*, apparently because they believe that Arthur Penn couldn't have done this dreadful script straight. Then the dialogue, too, is deliberately atrocious? And Penn, late in his career, has developed a bent for satire? He had hardly any kind of humor in his previous work.

But he did have talent, extraordinary talent. He has never made an entirely satisfactory film—the best is *Little Big Man*—but he has often shown strong dramatic and lyrical gifts, and he often evoked good acting. Some of the shots in this film are smart but obtrusively so, and the acting is intolerable, particularly Jan Rubes as the doctor and Mary Steenburgen in three roles.

Penn is now 65. It's getting late. But, let's hope, not too late.

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ROBERT BRUSTEIN ON THEATER

Danger: Manipulation

Danger: Memory is the composite title of Arthur Miller's modest pair of one-act plays at the Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre of Lincoln Center, which are both about blocking the past lest it annihilate the future. In "I Can't Remember Anything," a wealthy 75-year-old widow named Leonora suffers from an early stage of Alzheimer's disease, partly calculated to blot out the "vileness" of contemporary life ("Everything is so awful, Leo; really and truly this is not the same country"). In "Clara," the companion piece, a middle-aged landscape worker named Albert Kroll is unable to absorb the fact that his daughter has been brutally decapitated, possibly by the Latino ex-con she tried to rehabilitate, because his grief will most likely destroy his vulnerable spirit along with his liberal convictions. In each play, we sense the playwright manipulating his characters' broken synapses for his own thematic purposes.

The first piece, the less ambitious of the two, is the more successful by virtue of also being more suggestive. Leonora visits her friend Leo daily to chat with him over an evening meal. Leo, a crusty, arthritic artisan and lifelong Communist who wears tattered patchwork clothes in "resistance to commercialism," mostly thinks about willing his bodily organs to Yale-New Haven Hospital. Leonora, who has a passion for Leo's whiskey, thinks mostly about how "the country is being ruined by greed and mendacity and narrow-minded ignorance," though she has difficulty retaining specific facts like birth dates or the courses of recent meals. Their conversation rambles over subjects large and small, over Leo's fading mathematical prowess and Leonora's cooking, over the fortunes of her wandering musician son, and—always—over the deterioration of life in America. Each has nothing but the other and an expectation of death. Despite disagreements over whether the present should inspire optimism (Leo) or pessimism (Leonora), they are bonded by a sense of loss, a bond expressed in the samba they clumsily dance together near the end. It is a simple and rather sweet genre piece, marred only by irrelevant social grumbling, and it is gently played by Mason Adams, raspily concealing his compassion under a crust of orneriness and impatience, and by Geraldine Fitzgerald, the map of experience outlined on her beautiful face—all against a background of gas appliances and handmade kitchen furniture.

"Clara," on the other hand, is a crudely manufactured work both in the writing and the playing, though Miller's original concept is somewhat more ingenious than Gregory Mosher's current production. Mosher is a playwright's director who usually minimizes the strategies of theater—set design, lighting, props, stage effects—in order to realize the text through its acting properties. In "Clara," as in his production of David Mamet's *Edmond*, he provides the barest visual surround—an empty stage, a couch, a copious stream of blood, a woman's shoe, a piece of clothing—whereas the published text also calls for projections (a mangled corpse, a bloody hand, a printed name) representing the suppressed memories filtering through the protagonist's mind. Miller, in addition, has written three flashbacks in which Kroll talks absent-mindedly to his murdered daughter, Clara; Mosher retains only one, possibly because the technique is too reminiscent of Willy's mental meandering in *Death of a Salesman*. The play does not benefit from this editing. Without theatrical flesh, reduced to its acting bones, there is nothing to distract our attention from the artificial, manipulative, tendentious nature of the materials.

One guesses the play was written to let the author publicly repudiate his past belief in the possibilities of human perfectibility. In *After the Fall*, Miller discovered the existence of evil. In "Clara," it seems, this knowledge has befouled, if not destroyed, his commitment to liberalism. In any event, the play begins with liberalism—or rather its representative, Kroll—lying on the floor with his head on his arm. At first he seems like the victim, the source of the bloody pool upstage, but soon he is roused from his stupor to be interrogated by the police lieutenant Fine. Fine shows little sympathy for Kroll's bereavement; a Jewish conservative since the Holocaust, Fine is more interested in expressing contempt for Kroll's liberal positions on zoning, lesbianism, criminal rehabilitation, and racial equality. Throughout the play, he tries unsuccessfully to prise from Kroll's occluded memory the name of Clara's Puerto Rican lover—a man who, before he met Clara, served time for having killed a woman. Confronting Clara as a young girl, Kroll in a long speech tells of his wartime command of a troop of black soldiers whom he saved from a Biloxi lynch mob. It was at that moment, in admiration of her father's racial altruism, that Clara presumably determined to devote her life to helping the oppressed—a decision that led to her death. And having exorcised that memory, Kroll finally recalls—or finally *allows* himself to recall—the name of her probable murderer.

What is Arthur Miller saying? Is it that the thing preventing Kroll from naming names is his liberalism, his sympathy for the underprivileged, and that he cannot identify his daughter's killer until he understands how such ideas have indirectly caused her death? Absurd as that sounds, there is no other explanation for Kroll's silence—or his particular anomie. From the first, and even allowing for initial shock, this loving father displays not only amnesia but remarkable reticence regarding the fate of his child, a reticence exaggerated by performance into sheer indifference. Perhaps an actor such as Charles Durning might have suggested the emotional loss bubbling under the memory loss, but in the tepid, stumbling performance of Kenneth McMillan, Kroll has all the intensity of a short-order cook applying for a job in a diner. Furthermore, the caustic sneering of Detective Fine—strongly played by James Tolkan as a bullet-headed, bull-necked thug—is an oddly cold response to a father's suffering, even when this suffering is barely evident on the stage. Apparently Miller was too concerned with illustrating his social ideas to bother about creating convincing characters or viable situations. In "Clara," his people are merely equations for a human mathematics, while the relentless causal thinking that mars so much of his work is here elevated into an element of dramaturgy, a principle of life.

The Hunger Artist is Martha Clarke's third major attempt with the Music-Theatre Group at St. Clement's to create original parallel worlds. *The Garden of Earthly Delights* evoked the brute kingdom of Hieronymus Bosch. *Vienna: Lusthaus* examined the corruptions im-

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plicit in the art of Schiele and Klimt and the mores of 19th-century Vienna. Now *The Hunger Artist* explores the broken rooms of 20th-century Prague, the sinuous canals of Franz Kafka's mind.

Clarke's imagination, instinctually visual and choreographic, has grown increasingly to rely on written texts. Her first major piece was almost wordless; her second featured verbal interpolations by Charles L. Mee Jr.; her latest is soaked in the grotesque swamp landscapes of Kafka. A sequence of symbolic episodes based on his letters, diaries, and stories—including "The Country Doctor," "Letter To My Father," "The Metamorphosis," and the title story (all adapted by Richard Greenberg)—*The Hunger Artist* is a continuous narrative spoken by Brenda Currin and Anthony Holland (who also plays the part of Kafka) while movement is provided by Robert Besserer and Paola Styron. Not surprisingly, the physical imagery is considerably more engrossing than the spoken monologues.

Vienna: Lusthaus, lovely though it was, was marred in my opinion by Clarke's failure to assimilate the written word with the choreographic action. This problem is compounded in *The Hunger Artist*. The actors are sensitive and seasoned performers, but Currin's vocal instrument is too thin and reedy to serve narration (as opposed to acting) for extended periods and Holland's New York accents are less appropriate for symbolic angst than for improvisational comedy (which is why the vaguely Yiddish "A father doesn't raise a child he should become a cockroach" seems more comfortable in his mouth than in Kafka's).

Visually, however, the work is powerful and arresting, and Richard Peaslee's songs, some drawn from Czechoslovakian folk music, some with lyrics based on Rilke poems, are enchanting. Robert Israel's haunted setting—a 14-foot sculpture made of two walls meeting at an apex, decorated with a peeling hobby-horse and a screen, and an apron of peat moss serving as a seedbed for found objects, including onions, potatoes, and a portrait of the author—further confirms him as one of our most imaginative stage artists. And Paul Gallo's hard-edged lighting washes the set in an otherworldly gray. Besserer, decked out in a three-piece checked suit and bowler, blending the menace of an assassin with the agility of a contortionist, and Styron, with an almond-eyed stare of jaded innocence, whose nubile body can transform from nymph to washerwoman, are dazzling to watch at all times, whether simulating coitus, performing magic tricks, balancing atop doors and windows, or manhandling musicians. Their movements are less illustrations of than meditations on the spoken text, and it is this abstract choreography, rather than any new or penetrating insights into Kafka's work, that finally pulls the evening from the verge of pretension into splendid imagery and inspired invention.

Salinger's suit exposes the datedness of his fictional world.

HOLDEN CAULFIELD GOES TO LAW SCHOOL

BY ANDREW DELBANCO

J. D. SALINGER is back in public view because he has made another effort to keep himself out of it. He will soon be 70, a sharp reminder that the generation that came of age just after World War II is losing its place at the center of American intellectual life. He published the first portion of *The Catcher in the Rye* (1951) in 1946 (preceded by a few other stories about "Young Folks"); his last story appeared in the *New Yorker* 20 years later; and the rest, as everyone knows, has been silence. Now Ian Hamilton, who has previously written a biography of Robert Lowell, has completed an equally readable but much slimmer book about Salinger that tries to honor the writer's extreme prohibition against all "biographical intrusion" since his retreat into seclusion.

Salinger's reaction has nevertheless been an angry one. It has recently become front-page news. Salinger has sued to block publication on the grounds that the book makes improper use, by quotation and close paraphrase, of letters whose rights of reproduction belong solely to him. For a while it seemed as if the fuss would be brief: Hamilton cut down the amount of direct quotation, and a lower court ruled that the quoted material fell within the limits of "fair use." But Salinger persisted, and has just won a victory in the U.S. Court of Appeals, which decided very reasonably that the book's main interest depends on its revelations from letters that remain Salinger's property. The court blocked publication. It is, in turn, being asked to review its decision by Random House, Hamilton's publisher. If the ruling should stand, the publisher's only recourse will be to the Supreme Court. No doubt there are glaring and perplexing legal issues here: a public figure's right to protect his words from unauthorized publication (comparisons are being made to the case involving publication by the *Nation* of excerpts from Gerald Ford's memoirs in advance of their release in book form by Harper & Row) must be balanced against the right of scholars and journalists to publish their research over objections from those about whom they are writing.

But it should be recalled, in the middle of all the lawyering, that the dispute is about literature. And the literary significance of the present dispute is not large. Despite the thrill of scandal from which Hamilton's book now stands to profit, those who expect from it a peep behind Salinger's New Hampshire farmhouse wall will, if the book ever does appear, be disappointed. Hamilton's book, some 200 pages long, is not a weighty one. It does have a wryness that is worthy of its subject, and it makes the most of its

Andrew Delbanco, associate professor of English at Columbia University, is completing a book entitled *The Puritan Ordeal: Becoming American in the Seventeenth Century*, to be published by Harvard University Press.

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scarce source material—as, for instance, in its account of the marvelous correspondence between Judge Learned Hand (a New Hampshire neighbor and friend of Salinger's) and a functionary of the State Department who wants to know whether the writer would be appropriate as a goodwill ambassador for American culture abroad. Mostly, Hamilton offers speculation (based on the disputed letters, some unpublished fiction, and interviews with the few of Salinger's friends who are willing to speak) on the interplay between the writer's art and his life. He argues, for instance, that the long story "Franny," with its nasty portrait of Franny's pompous Princeton date, is "an instrument in Salinger's courtship" of Claire Douglas—that is, an assault on his main competitor for her affections. Still, by and large the writer's elusiveness remains undiminished by this book. His retreat from the world has not been denied him.

PERHAPS this is a good time, then, to acknowledge that Salinger's career is closed, in both senses of the word. Despite the unsquelchable rumor that he has two substantial manuscripts under lock and key, he has gone—permanently, it would seem—from being a public to being a private writer. In the '50s he occupied, indeed almost dominated, the literary territory between mockery and indignation that the *New Yorker* shared with *MAD* magazine. It was a world composed of crisp sentences that just save themselves from epigrammatic glibness. Holden Caulfield added to them the charm of ungainliness, but they were still essentially the judgments of stylish urbanity upon the false sophisticate:

> You should've seen him when old Sally asked him how he liked the play. He was the kind of a phony that have to give themselves *room* when they answer somebody's question. He stepped back, and stepped right on the lady's foot behind him. . . . He said the play *itself* was no masterpiece, but that the Lunts, of course, were absolute angels.

Holden's wince had its cultural equivalent in Alfred E. Neuman's smile. They both tended to move within a curiously ambiguous locale: not quite suburbia, but not a living city either. Holden's terrain was the more frightening. It was a place of shopping opportunities, confrontations by telephone, cab rides through ominous neighborhoods—a city deeply "terrible when somebody laughs on the street very late at night."

Though Salinger, in filial homage to the writer he once most admired, allowed Holden at least one assignation beneath the Biltmore clock, he was writing about nothing more than the ghost of Scott Fitzgerald's New York. Salinger's city was finally closer to Dreiser's, a place from which one takes refuge in the anonymity of hotel lobbies, in what Holden calls those "vomity" armchairs in which a thousand other loiterers have sweated and slept, but in which one can look respectably expectant by studying the passing faces and checking one's watch. Holden is a Manhattan boy, but he tells us that he met Jane Gallagher (the girl whose degradation at the hands of his prep-school roommate he cannot bear to contemplate) when her "Doberman pinscher . . . used to come over and relieve himself on our lawn." Where, one may ask, was Holden's lawn?

It was this prophetic city of uncertain topography that Salinger turned into a symbolic landscape. Within it, he tried to chronicle the ever-growing dominance of the principle of utility in American life. This is why his fiction is everywhere concerned with the moral cost of sexual awakening. One of the transformations that Holden most dreads is that the world may become a place populated by catlike people who rub themselves against one another for physical relief, and then walk away, satisfied, into the night. There is no loyalty. This lament is what lies behind his disgust at "flits" (homosexuals, who are perforce reduced to surreptitious sexual acts). By the time of *Franny and Zooey* (1961), which treats young people of college rather than high-school age, Salinger has enlarged his rage to produce an almost Veblenesque study of the way in which promising young men of Ivy breeding learn to collect willing women as adornments to their wardrobes. Lane Coutell, at the outset of *Franny and Zooey*, sees Franny Glass wrapped against the winter cold and remembers kissing her sheared-raccoon coat "as though it were a perfectly desirable extension of the person herself."

SALINGER had begun to write seriously about this world of expropriating passion just after World War II. During the war he was stationed in England, then landed with the Fourth Division on D-Day at Utah Beach, and later saw action in the Battle of the Bulge. He had also been in Austria just before the *Anschluss*, and had likely seen Nazi mobs in the streets. (His father was Jewish, his mother apparently not.) Though he seemed never to be directly interested in politics, or in much outside his old neighborhood and social caste, he was a writer whose imagination had been profoundly affected by the war.

Only a few uncollected early stories and the beautiful "For Esmé—with Love and Squalor" explicitly record this fact, but Salinger, like his contemporaries Norman Mailer, Herman Wouk, and James Jones, had seen in the military the ultimate spectacle of organized human manipulation. He had also, as Hamilton suggests with something less than full respect, experienced "for maybe the first time in his life—a sense of tribal solidarity." "A new note of sentimental camaraderie" is Hamilton's phrase for this theme that "begins to show itself, both in his letters and in his stories." This is the sort of remark by which Salinger cannot have been pleased. I think there was more here than submission to sentiment: some kind of "camaraderie" became Holden's half-articulated aspiration—the longing to be delivered from the merciless city in which he was expected to make his cagey way.

SALINGER was a masterful, but a small-scale, artist. He touched an American nerve: the sense of horror at the irretrievability of youth. But there is no work of epic ambition among Salinger's public writings, so there will be no *Billy Budd* to be discovered among his private papers. Waiting for such a work is futile, like the wait for Orson Welles's *Don Quixote*. Yet unlike Welles, Salinger stopped producing (at least for the public) not because he had entirely lost his art but, I suspect, because he knew he had lost his audience.

In the early '60s Salinger was hurt by the critics who (reflecting the political mood of their time) began to vent their impatience with his stubborn sameness. What really happened is that Salinger was being left behind by the shift of his readership's interest—perhaps a better word is curiosity—from the anxieties of his urban/suburban middle class to the "real" problems of more conspicuous victims in American society. Salinger did not have Mailer's bravura or John Updike's versatility and craftsmanship, and so he did not shift his ground. He did not survive the transition from the restless '50s into the committed '60s; he lacked the capacity for partisanship, or for cool detachment, that would have

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enabled him to make that shift. Though he always wrote about immutability as an illusion, he surely agreed with Holden, who thought that the best thing about the Museum of Natural History was that it was a place where "everything always stayed right where it was."

Salinger, too, stayed where he was. His audience, however, did not. It grew up—first into "engagement," then into "realism." There is a sense in which the current controversy has become another means for Salinger to punish his apostate followers by withholding himself from them. He had once written, as had most major American writers before him, in the hope of effecting the spiritual conversion of his readers. His uncited but controlling scriptural text (Salinger's explicit spiritual interest took the form of a fascination with Zen) had been Matthew 18:3: "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." It is surely an irony that the legal issues Salinger has now raised revolve around the problem of ownership, around the question of who holds the exclusive right to profit by the use of literary "property." The evident—and inevitable—failure of Salinger's once-devoted audience to fulfill his religious imperative, which included the repudiation of ownership and utility as the ultimate measures of value, has made bitter this dispute between the public freedom to carry on business and the private freedom to be left alone by the inquiring world.

Scribner's 'The Garden of Eden' is not the novel Hemingway wrote.

WHERE'S PAPA?

BY BARBARA PROBST SOLOMON

LAST SPRING Scribner's published Ernest Hemingway's posthumous novel *The Garden of Eden*. It was, inevitably, a great event; Hemingway's modernist experiments shaped the 20th-century American novel and gave us our literary language. *The Garden of Eden* stayed on the best-seller list for 13 weeks. It was stylishly published, too; the jacket reproduces Juan Gris's *Woman with a Basket*, which evokes the spare modernist style of the early Hemingway. The image has a Mediterranean flavor, very apt for a novel of the 1920s described by its publisher as "a story of love and obsession ... about a young American writer and his wife on an extended honeymoon in Mediterranean France and Spain, and about the woman to whom they are both attracted."

The book's critical reception was mixed, in part because the reputed length of Hemingway's manuscript caused many reviewers to raise questions about the liberties that had been taken with it. Some scholars immediately expressed skepticism about editorial propriety, despite the publisher's disclosure in the preface to the book that in

> preparing the book for publication we have made some cuts in the manuscript and some routine copy-editing corrections. Beyond a very small number of minor interpolations for clarity and consistency, nothing has been added. In every significant respect the work is all the author's.

Scribner's indicated in its promotional material that in fact there had been no less than three versions of *The Garden of Eden*. There was one draft of 400 pages; another of 1,200 pages, of Hemingway's typescript and holograph; plus 300 pages he added later. According to Edwin McDowell's report in the *New York Times*, Tom Jenks, Scribner's editor, worked from the longest version.

The published book starts out well enough. David Bourne, a writer, and Catherine Bourne are a couple in their early 20s honeymooning in le Grau du Roi, on the French Mediterranean. Hemingway describes them coming down from Paris to Avignon with their bicycles, a single suitcase, a rucksack, and a musette bag. Only a few pages later, however, there occurs a rather baffling change. David says of Catherine:

> She had always looked, he thought, exactly her age which was now twenty-one. He had been very proud of her for that. But tonight she did not look it. The lines of her cheekbones showed clear as he had never seen them before and she smiled and her face was heartbreaking.

The paragraph feels a little senseless—one hardly thinks of a woman of 21 as being well-preserved. All of a sudden, the cycling innocents are gone. The couple begins to sound older, jaded. It is the first sense we get that something is wrong here, that something is hidden beneath the surface of this novel.

Catherine bobs her hair. She insists that David make love to her as though she were a boy. She takes David away from his novel in progress, and to Spain. With the speed of light, David and Catherine move to Biarritz, to Hendaye, to Madrid, then back to the south of France. They settle in la Napoule, near Cannes. By then Catherine has had three short, boyish haircuts, each time bleaching her hair a whiter blond. By my reckoning, she should have been almost bald from all the clipping. And by page 143, Catherine's hair is being referred to as gray, or as toneless silver. Now (according to my mother) the only blond bleach to be had in the '20s was brassy. Again I sensed that somehow in this story Hemingway's later life was being interpolated into his earlier one, and the abruptly lurching narrative made me wonder about Scribner's scissors. Just what had Hemingway's publisher removed from his work?

In la Napoule, a ménage à trois develops. Catherine falls in love with Marita, a younger woman. (But at 21, what is younger?) She means to share her with David, but instead David and Marita fall in love. Catherine's mental imbalance becomes apparent; a breakdown begins. In this state she jealously burns David's unfinished manuscript, making it impossible for him to write anymore. Catherine suffers terrible guilt, she relinquishes Marita to David, she departs

Barbara Probst Solomon is the author of *The Beat of Life* (Lippincott), *Arriving Where We Started* (Harper & Row), and *Short Flights* (Viking). Her forthcoming novel is entitled *Belle Hélène*.

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for Paris. And David finally overcomes his block by finishing a short story about his father's experiences in Africa during the Maji-Maji rebellion in the early 1900s. The novel ends, then, on an upbeat note: David has Marita, and his power as a writer, and peace with his father.

Just before Catherine burns the manuscript, she rather peremptorily informs David and Marita that she is taking David's rough unfinished draft to Derain, to Dufy, to Picasso, to Pascin (Scribner's calls him Pascen), for them to illustrate. What happened to the innocent kid with the bike and the rucksack? Is she merely hallucinating? Probably not; by this time their luggage is pricey Vuitton. Catherine and David seem oddly secure about approaching Picasso and Derain with David's work. Perhaps David is really a somewhat older, somewhat more successful writer.

And there is the strange choice of hotels in the critical Madrid scenes of *The Garden of Eden*. When the Spanish novelist Juan Benet and I were kids in Madrid, in the late 1940s, we stumbled on the modest pension where Hemingway lived during his early days on the Calle San Geronimo. To this day Benet mourns the fact that we didn't filch the Hemingway novel—I don't remember which one it was—that was dedicated to the owner of the pension and prominently displayed in the heavily shuttered, threadbare, olive-oil smelling pension parlor. Why would Hemingway, with his great sense of place, his supreme gift for mood, have switched his young, bohemian couple from a pension like that to the Palace? That is rather like describing a great love affair in the Greenwich Village of the '20s and setting it at the Plaza.

THE GARDEN OF EDEN has always been described as Hemingway's last major effort. It allowed him to experiment, to move away from his early style; and he struggled with it from 1946 until his death in 1961. His son Patrick told me that in his post-World War II period, Hemingway was fond of saying to his critics: "Gentlemen, you are criticizing my arithmetic when I am long ago into calculus." Would Hemingway, in the final test of his literary ambition, really have written the thin and disjointed novel that Scribner's published?

After *The Garden of Eden* appeared, the original Hemingway manuscripts at the Kennedy Library in Boston were made available to scholars. I flew to Boston to read them. I can report that Hemingway's publisher has committed a literary crime.

There is no way that the manuscript that I read, an extraordinary mass of unfinished work, written in the troubled last years of Hemingway's life, could have been made into a smooth popular novel without the literary equivalent of "colorization." Just as the black-and-white movies of the 1930s have been defaced with rosy colors, robbing American culture of part of its patrimony, so, too, has Scribner's interfered imperiously with what Hemingway left us. It has transformed these unfinished experiments into the stuff of potboilers and pulp. Read *The Garden of Eden* and you will be reading Hemingway through a scrim. The pity is that buried beneath the editorial violations is some very important Hemingway.

Nobody can finish an unfinished novel for a writer, and nobody should presume to try. Would that Hemingway's editors had the editorial dignity of Edmund Wilson, who presided scrupulously over the posthumous publication of Fitzgerald's *The Crack-Up*. A scrupulous edition of this significant manuscript of Hemingway's is crucial for our understanding of his most profound artistic preoccupations. It is important to know, for example, what Hemingway wrote when—for the second part of *The Garden of Eden* seems to be an almost directly autobiographical account of his anguished last years. In the original, the description of Catherine burning the manuscript has a hallucinatory effect, and it appears next to a frightening paragraph about a flier being burned in a plane; these sections were clearly written after Hemingway's two plane crashes in 1953. (In the second accident, he was abandoned in the downed plane because he was too big to get through the door; he had to smash his way out.) It is perfectly obvious from a close reading of the manuscript, and from its correlation with the events of Hemingway's last years, that the difficulties of composition mentioned toward the end of the novel really have to do with Hemingway's anxieties about his deteriorating physical and mental powers. It is disgraceful to confuse these pains, courtesy of a cutting and pasting editor, with the banality of a young man's writing block.

What we have in the best parts of the original, in other words, is something far more precious than the novel Scribner's has published. The manuscript reveals a consummate craftsman mixing fictional narrative with the record of his own inner voyage as an artist, with the careful development of his own views on art. More than in any previous work, Hemingway allows the reader to see him overtly engaged in the process of thinking. The real *Garden of Eden* is a sort of summa of Hemingway's aesthetics.

EVEN AT the level of plot, the original novel is different. In the manuscript, there are four men, and two of them (David Bourne and his friend Andy) are writers. The other two are artists—the extraordinarily gifted Nick Sheldon, married to Barbara, and Picasso, who comes into the novel toward the middle. The relations between these two couples and other artists are the substance of Hemingway's story. It shows, then, a more various world, not just a single couple. For example: in Hemingway's *Garden of Eden*, it is Barbara, not Catherine, who is the temptress; she sets the infidelities in motion by desiring Catherine. (There are hints of Zelda and Scott in the portrait of the Sheldons.)

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More importantly, the folders in the Kennedy Library reveal that Hemingway wrote two endings. (They are the final chapters in the manuscript, though someone has marked them as "stories.") Both are tragic. In the first, Nick is killed in a car crash after Barbara has been unfaithful to him with Andy, and some time after that Barbara commits suicide. In the second, which is perhaps a continuation of the first, Catherine has partially recovered from her mental breakdown in Switzerland; she rejoins David, and the two of them walk along the beach near le Grau du Roi recalling earlier, happier times.

The latter part of the manuscript at the Kennedy Library is a sad text to read. It documents Hemingway's growing emotional stress toward the end of his life. It is in these passages, which conform to the chronology of his last years established by Mary Hemingway in her autobiography *How It Was*, that Hemingway's alter ego David Bourne becomes most obsessed with the pain of writing. At stake, quite clearly, was Hemingway's attempt to keep himself intact, to recover his strengths after the airplane crashes, after the multiple damages to his body and his mind. At times the manuscript reads almost like a coded record of his inner torment and of his troubles with Mary. He even has one of the characters wonder whether the narrative (which includes the African story David Bourne writes) really is Bourne's secret diary.

Patrick Hemingway confirmed for me that the African story had to be a late addition to *The Garden of Eden*, since it was based on the 1953 safari during which Hemingway was nearly burned to death. There are passages in the manuscript about a pilot burning in his plane—dark, traumatic passages in which Hemingway writes "so lonely, so lonely . . .," and instructs himself to take hold and not kill his wife. The tortured master writes:

> He had never in his life as a man been impotent, but in an hour standing at the armoire on top of which he wrote he learned what impotence was. . . . He could not write more than a single sentence. And the sentences themselves were increasingly simple and completely dull.

How could any of this have led to the happy, beachy ending of the book Scribner's produced?

It is in this later, more troubled section of the manuscript that Marita becomes important, but the relationship described suggests more a young woman helping a suffering, aging writer than it does hedonistic, sun-drenched young love on the Riviera. There are some echoes in Marita of Renata from *Across the River and into the Trees*, but she most closely resembles Hemingway's real-life last love, Valerie Danby-Smith, who after Hemingway's death married his son Gregory. In the manuscript, for example, Hemingway links the love affair with Marita to a lovely afternoon spent by the banks of the Ignati river. Mary Hemingway, in her book, writes that it was in Madrid, during Hemingway's trip to Spain in 1958, that he befriended the young Irish journalist. They went to the bullfights at Pamplona and picnicked along the banks of the Ignati. (Ironically, it was Valerie Danby-Smith and Mary Hemingway who, according to Mary's book, had the difficult task of sorting out the manuscripts of *The Garden of Eden*. This must have been rather difficult, as they both appear to have been, in part, models for the women in the novel.)

CRITICS HAVE made heavy weather of Hemingway's dealings with sex change in the novel, of the fact that Catherine and David swap roles in bed. They have also found David Bourne curiously passive, and speculated about the appearance in *The Garden of Eden* of a new kind of male Hemingway hero. David Bourne does indeed come out sounding rather like the weak slave of a blond dominatrix. In truth, however, his passivity is owed to the editor rather than the author, to the fact that Scribner's cut out his manner of talking, with other *men*, about art. Scribner's also excised all indications that David's age grows to 60. The publisher wanted youth, and produced a wimp.

In the Scribner's version, the heart of the matter has been chopped away, and in its place are peroxide bottles and bobbings. But Hemingway was writing about immortality, not hair color. In the very first chapter of his *Eden*, he makes it clear that his theme is metamorphosis, which includes androgyny. In a crucial love scene, David and Catherine attempt quite explicitly to reproduce with their androgynous sex Rodin's statue based on Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. This statue fascinated Hemingway because of its success in depicting a continuous chain of transformation and transcendence. Catherine and David are meant to join that chain, a chain of love fused with art, in which men and women exchanging roles become part of a larger cosmos. (Obviously "Bourne" is intended as a pun—born and reborn, as in metamorphosis.) But Rodin and his statue have been eliminated from the Scribner's edition. That is to say, Scribner's has neglected to include the work's very foundation.

Recall the words that introduce the love scene in the Scribner's version. David observes:

> She had always looked, he thought, exactly her age which was now twenty-one. He had been very proud of her for that. But tonight she did not look it. The lines of her cheekbones showed clear as he had never seen them before and she smiled and her face was heartbreaking.

In Hemingway's version, however, David says that "her face was heartbreaking *in its sculpture* [my emphasis]." And on the next page David asks Catherine:

> "Do you remember the sculpture in the Rodin museum?"
> "Which one?"
> "That one."
> "Yes."
> . . . He lay back and did not think at all.
> "Are you changing like in the sculpture?"

They keep talking about the Rodin. Then Catherine says:

> "Will you change and be my girl and let me take you? Will you be like you were in the statue? Will you change?" He knew now and it was like the statue. The one there are no photographs of and of which no reproductions are sold.
> "You don't think I'm wicked?" . . .
> "Of course not." . . .
> "How long have you thought about that?"
> "Ever since we were there that day in the Rodin."

SCRIBNER'S has also banished the other key to Hemingway's meaning, Hieronymus Bosch's triptych at the Prado representing the Garden of Eden, the Garden of Earthly Delights, and a musical Hell. In his novel, Hemingway ceremoniously leads his characters on their march toward a grand fiesta at the Prado; he assembles the whole cast in Hendaye, the Basque town next to San Sebastian, with its great shell-like harbor.

I find it significant that at precisely this point Hemingway alludes (again, not in the Scribner's edition) to Proust. David asks Catherine:

> "When did you start talking like Proust?"
> "Reading him, I suppose. Reading is terrible for how you talk."

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"How long have you been reading Proust?" Andrew asked.

"Only since Hendaye. . . . I bought them all for me to read when I went up to Biarritz one time. I promised David I wouldn't skip although, of course, naturally I wanted to read Sodom and Gomorrah first, and I did read some—having encountered numerous examples of that sort of person, as you would naturally, having gone to school in Switzerland, as I did."

"Where are you without skipping?" David asked.

"Almost half through the Côté, poor Swann. It's easier to read, and I suppose nicer when you know Paris."

Later, in the more hallucinatory sections in the manuscript, Proust is mentioned again. He seems to make Hemingway anxious and angry. One senses Hemingway's anguish at the recognition that it was Proust who had written the sort of inclusive narrative—a novel about the art of writing a novel, about art and literature, about androgyny and homosexuality—that Hemingway was striving after, that he wanted his own late work to be. But what writer could be more unlike Proust than Hemingway?

FOR HIS experiments Hemingway always turned to the painters. This time there was inspiration to be found in Bosch—in his whole alchemy of colors (his androgynous, wicked Eve with two apples is black because black, in Bosch's time, symbolized something charred, something changed); in his depiction of universal metamorphosis, with its androgynous couples, zoomorphs, birds and fish each contained in individual cracked eggs like little narrative conceits. *The Garden of Eden* has got to be the "eggiest" novel ever written—there is no end to egg references and egg jokes in the longer version—but like the rest of Hemingway's wacky but meaningful humor, most of the eggs have been removed in the published book. Maybe that's just as well: in this distortion of Hemingway's text his jokes might not have been understood.

Hemingway wrote about Madrid many times—in *The Sun Also Rises*, in *Death in the Afternoon*, in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. In those earlier works, he seemed fascinated most by bullfighting. But in *The Garden of Eden* he wants our attention focused not on the bullring but on the art gallery, on the Prado. The structure of Hemingway's original novel is very much the structure of Bosch's triptych—the innocent gathering of the protagonists before the journey to Madrid is the Garden of Eden, the great voyage toward the Prado is the beginning of the Garden of Earthly Delights, and, finally, the ending in la Napoule is the musical Hell. Seen this way, it makes sense, in a way it does not in the Scribner's version, that Hemingway, in the Madrid scenes, places his characters in the Palace Hotel. He paints his magical scene of the outdoor café in front of the trees and the Prado by moving the outdoor gardens of the Ritz, which does have a view of the Prado, to the Palace Hotel, which has never had an outdoor café. In this novel about change, Hemingway changed Madrid. And Catherine and David's love scene in the Palace occurs after their visits to the Prado: again, metamorphosis.

IN THE Scribner's edition, the chapter about the Prado ends on this blunt note:

"Let's first lie very quiet in the dark," David said and lowered the latticed shade and they lay side by side on the bed in the big room in The Palace in Madrid where Catherine had walked in the Museo del Prado in the light of day as a boy and now she would show the dark things in the light and there would, it seemed to him, be no end to the change.

But the manuscript, Hemingway's more poetic version, reads, starting with David speaking:

"Let's first be very quiet in the dark."

"All right. Only our thighs touching. Can I start first and try too?"

"Can you?"

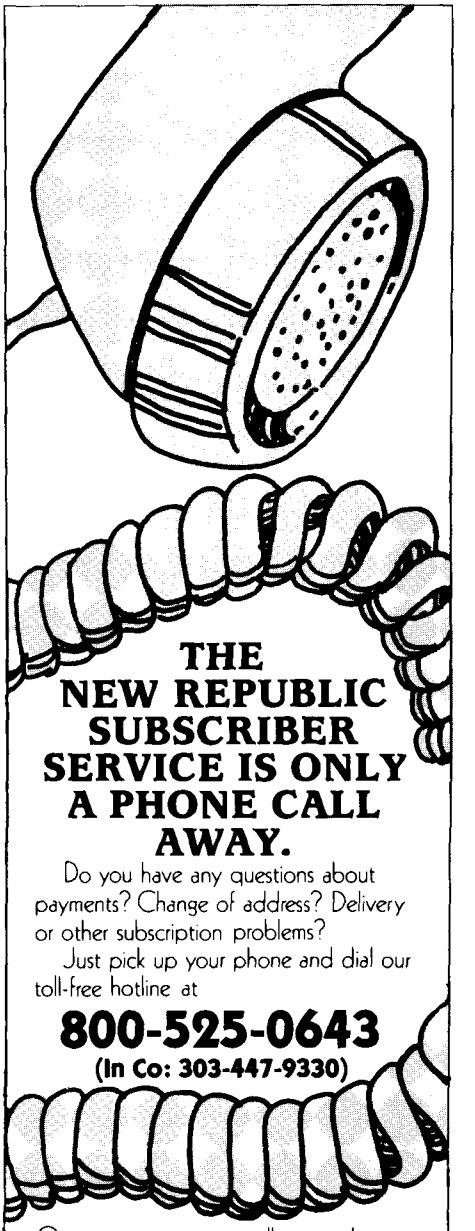
"Oh, yes. I thought about it while you were asleep. But this is only until I know you'll have to invent too."

"I can try."

"Isn't it fine that neither of us knows?" We'll know he thought.

"Just to kiss is enough now," she said, "please." Then in the dark it was all changed for him as it had been for her since the day before and since she had walked and gone to the Prado.

Hemingway then added, and later crossed out: "He had never thought that he could do what he did now happily and completely and he did without thinking and with delight what he could never do and would never do." Throughout the manuscript, Hemingway has various turns of mind as to how oblique the lovemaking should be; but his main intent is to show Catherine and David's erotic life deepened, first by the Rodin,



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then by Bosch.

The Garden of Eden was to have been nothing less than Ernest Hemingway's final summation on art and literature, on the nature of love and the body, on the possibilities of human life. But you won't find any of these strong conceptions in the book that Scribner's has published in his name. To paraphrase the publisher, in almost no significant respect is this book its author's. With all its disfigurements and omissions, its heightening of the trivial and its diminishment of the significant, its vulgarization of the great themes of Hemingway's final years, this volume is a travesty.

PROMISES, PROMISES

The Palace File
by Nguyen Tien Hung and Jerrold L. Schecter

(Harper & Row, 542 pp., $22.95)

The literature on Vietnam, so scant in the 1960s, when it was most needed, is now swelling toward flood tide. Much of what is being produced is either redundant or merely memoiristic; but one can now add *The Palace File* to the relatively short list of important books on this grim and complicated subject. It is the product of an occasionally awkward coauthorship between an economist who served as a special assistant to President Nguyen Van Thieu during the last years of the Republic of Vietnam and the distinguished former diplomatic correspondent for *Time* magazine. Hung and Schecter's book provides new and valuable information about the doomed alliance between Washington and Saigon. Their contribution has been to cast light upon that alliance from the South Vietnamese point of view. Their study leaves unanswered some profound questions about the American role in Vietnam, but still it is fascinating, and an unusual way of looking at one of the most dramatic events in recent American history.

Just before the end came for the government of the Republic of Vietnam in April 1975, President Thieu sent Hung to Washington to plead for last-minute help. To assist with his argument, Thieu gave Hung photocopies of 31 secret letters written by Presidents Nixon and Ford to Thieu. These hitherto unpublished letters form the connective tissue of *The Palace File*. Interspersed with cross references to previously published memoirs and extensive interviews, Hung and Schecter shift the focus away from our usual obsession with the condition of the Americans toward the ultimate victims of the tragedy, the Vietnamese themselves.

This is the story the way Thieu and Hung want it remembered. Predictably, it differs sharply from the story presented by Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger in their memoirs. In essence, *The Palace File* advances two theses. First, that Washington's treatment of Saigon from 1969 to 1975 constitutes a "betrayal of an ally unrivaled in American history"; or, as Thieu himself put it, "It is so easy to be an enemy of the United States, but so difficult to be a friend." Second, that had the United States kept its word, South Vietnam would have survived.

In late April 1975 Hung made public two or three of Nixon's letters to Thieu. The full file, placed in the context of other events between 1971 and 1975, does make one sympathetic to at least part of the authors' argument. Nixon's and Ford's letters (presumably written in large part by Kissinger) skillfully combined threats and promises, with the intention of pushing Thieu into accepting a cease-fire agreement that he felt was fatally flawed.

Nixon, Kissinger, and Ford have defended themselves in the past with various explanations and denials: that Watergate prevented the United States from saving South Vietnam; that Hanoi broke the agreements; that liberals in Congress shackled the government with restrictive anti-war legislation; that they regret having treated Saigon so harshly; and so on. Each of these explanations falls short of fully satisfying, and of course they are somewhat contradictory. Still, I do not mean to make light of Nixon's and Kissinger's dilemma. Seeking a way to end America's involvement in Vietnam without getting blamed for the probable consequences of our departure, they selected a method that required some deception of almost everyone.

To conservatives, they wished to appear tough—hence such actions as the Christmas bombing of 1972. To liberals, and to war-weary Americans in general, they wished to appear to be moving toward the end of America's involvement in Indochina—hence the gradual withdrawal of American troops, and Kissinger's "peace is at hand" statement in October 1972. Yet their slow, deliberate ambiguity in the negotiations was designed more for appearances than for purposes of policy. Kissinger in effect conceded this in his own memoirs: by July 1969 (when Nixon visited Saigon), he wrote, "We were clearly on the way out of Vietnam, by negotiations if possible, by unilateral withdrawal if necessary."

To effect that departure without vast international embarrassment, Nixon and Kissinger had to gain approval from the Thieu government for agreements that were, from Saigon's point of view, deeply worrisome, since they permitted North Vietnam to keep well over 100,000 regular military forces in the South after the cease-fire. This was a major concession by Nixon, and it terrified Thieu. The reciprocal Communist concession, that Hanoi would no longer insist on the prior removal of the Thieu government, was hardly the major negotiating achievement that Nixon claimed it was, in the light of what Hanoi had already gained. Thus, to allay Thieu's fears, Nixon reassured Thieu in private letters with phrases and promises too strong for public consumption. If the North Vietnamese violated the Paris Accords, the president vowed, he would respond. "*You have my absolute assurance,*" Nixon wrote after the 1972 elections, "*that if Hanoi fails to abide by the terms of this agreement it is my intention to take swift and severe retaliatory action.*"

Such a commitment would have been repudiated by Congress, however, and by most of the American public. Thus the existence of the letters was a closely guarded secret. Not even Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger, who might have had to implement such an "assurance," knew of them, something that to this day he regards as astonishing and appalling. In fact, the letters had little standing as anything more than personal statements of Richard Nixon's. But Thieu, perhaps confused about the na-

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ture of the American political system, took great comfort from the secret correspondence, and chose to treat it as an integral part of the Paris Accords. (Ironically, Nixon was sending secret letters to Hanoi at exactly the same time, offering vast amounts of economic assistance after the cease-fire. It is odd that Hung and Schecter make no mention of the president's other bit of secret epistolary diplomacy.)

BY THIS TIME Thieu had come to regard Kissinger with great distrust. (After the Christmas bombing, he allegedly told his National Security Council: "If Kissinger had the power to bomb the Independence Palace to force me to sign the agreement, he would not hesitate to do so.") But in characteristic Asian fashion Thieu believed that if he could communicate directly with Nixon, instead of through his adviser, the president would take a tougher stand against Hanoi. This was wishful thinking; there was no evidence for Thieu's confidence in a direct relationship with Nixon, except for the advice of a few American conservatives who disliked Kissinger. Still, Thieu's faith sustained him, and led to several dramatic confrontations with Kissinger—all of which, of course, Thieu lost. Kissinger, for his part, came to regret some of the things he had done or said to Thieu. Indeed, he came close to an apology in a remarkable and previously unpublished letter he sent to Thieu in 1980 after Thieu attacked him in an interview:

> My book praises you repeatedly for your courage and decency and acknowledges, in essence, that you were right. . . . I agree with you that the cease-fire terms were harsh. Our tragic dilemma in 1972 was that we had reached the limit of our domestic possibilities. . . . If it had been President Nixon's and my intention to betray you, we could have done it in 1969. You and I had many disagreements, but only over tactics. In view of the outcome, your anger is understandable. However, it would be a pity if those who long advocated our abandonment of South Vietnam were now able to use your bitterness as another weapon against those who tried to save South Vietnam. . . . I do not expect to convince you. I can at least try to assure you of my continuing regret and respect.

Thieu did not reply to Kissinger's letter.

Thieu's situation was quite desperate, although significant American officials, especially Ambassador Graham Martin, continually delivered reports to Washington that were wildly overoptimistic.

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Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank")

Whom does it belong to? Is it "occupied territory"?

Many even otherwise well-informed people believe that the turmoil in the Middle East is due to the Israeli "occupation" of Judea and Samaria, also known as the "West Bank"—a territory less than half the size of Los Angeles County.

What are the facts?

■ Jews have been living in all parts of "Palestine" since Biblical times. After World War I, Britain was in control of Palestine. Earlier, in 1917, it had issued the Balfour Declaration. It called for the establishment in Palestine of a "national home for the Jewish people", with the understanding that the civil and religious rights of the existing non-Jewish community needed to be respected.

■ Until Jewish immigration into "Palestine" began in earnest early in this century, the country was sparsely populated and underdeveloped (Mark Twain describes the desolation well in his book *Innocents Abroad*.) Its civilization was that of the Middle Ages. When the Jews came into the country, they created commercial, agricultural, and industrial opportunities which acted as a magnet to the Arabs, most of them nomadic.

■ *In 1920, the League of Nations made Britain* the mandatory power in Palestine, effective in 1922. The Mandate, in line with the Balfour Declaration, provided for the establishment of a Jewish national home in all or any part of Palestine. The British, in violation of the Balfour Declaration and of the Mandate, divided the country in two parts. They granted the area east of the Jordan River to the Hashemite tribes, thus excluding it from Jewish settlement. They limited the Jewish National Home to the 23% remaining west of the Jordan River. That entire area is about half the size of San Barnardino County in California. Transjordan was given independence by Britain in 1946.

■ Israel declared its independence in April of 1948, on the same day as Britain relinquished its Mandate, and after the Arabs had rejected a partition plan proposed by the United Nations, which Israel had accepted.

■ In its War of Independence, against overwhelming odds, the newly-formed Israel Defense Forces in what must be considered almost a Biblical miracle, were able to defeat five combined Arab armies. Transjordan, however, succeeded in pushing westward across the Jordan River and in occupying Judea and Samaria. *They* were the occupiers, and they stayed in that occupation until they attacked Israel in 1967 and were defeated in the Six-Day War. During its 19 years of occupation, Transjordan, now renamed "Jordan", systematically removed all Jews from the territory. Jewish holy places were profaned and destroyed.

■ Israel has administered Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank") since 1967. Approximately 60,000 Israelis have settled there. The Arab population in the area enjoys local autonomy, civil liberties, free access to higher education, and the highest standard of living of any Arab population anywhere in the countries neighboring on Israel.

■ A homeland for Arab Palestinians? Of course, they deserve one. They have such a country. It's Jordan. Jordan (77% of the British Mandate) is Arab Palestine, just as Israel is Jewish Palestine. Never in history has there been an Arab state in Judea and Samaria, and there certainly was never any mention of it during the 19 years of Transjordanian occupation. King Hussein himself has said: "The truth is that Jordan is Palestine and Palestine is Jordan."

In the almost 20 years of its administration, Israel has refrained from re-annexing its old provinces of Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank"). In the Camp David Accords, Israel committed itself to autonomy for the Arab inhabitants of the area and to the determination of a permanent political status. Israel has invited representatives of Jordan and of the Arab inhabitants of Judea-Samaria to participate in autonomy talks. But, under pressure and threats of the PLO and Arab rejections, they have so far refused to participate in any negotiations. Peace, and the ultimate resolution of the problem of the "West Bank" can only come about by negotiations. Israel has been ready for such negotiations for almost 20 years.

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But with the withdrawal of American and Korean troops, the overall manpower and firepower of the non-Communist forces was declining, while Hanoi's was increasing. In 1973, the congressionally mandated cutoff of all American military activities in *all* of Indochina—accepted by Nixon after it was proposed by the House minority leader, Gerald Ford—would ultimately doom Saigon, as Alexander Haig had warned Nixon in an unsuccessful last-minute attempt to convince him to limit the restriction to Cambodia and Laos. And Watergate eliminated the last, slim chance that Washington would have the political will or the popular support to return to Indochina.

WHY, IN THE FACE of all these events, did Thieu not understand the real limits of the American commitment? Why did Thieu not make a more realistic appraisal of his situation and proceed from there? The answer lies partly in the prodigious efforts of Nixon and Kissinger—as well as the American ambassadors in Saigon, Ellsworth Bunker and Graham Martin—to convince the South Vietnamese not to give up. In their complex balancing act, every American step toward withdrawal was to be matched by another symbol of our commitment. Every concession to Hanoi was to be matched by another secret letter pledging American retaliation if Hanoi violated the agreements. For example, the cease-fire agreement was to be preceded by the Christmas bombing of Hanoi.

Still more fundamentally, Thieu had no real choice. He *had* to believe those letters. He *had* to believe that a private bond and personal commitment existed between him and the American president, that we would still come to his aid in a crunch. Not understanding—not wanting to understand, perhaps—the domestic pressures that were inexorably shaping Nixon's foreign policy, Thieu had to convince himself that Hanoi, not Saigon, was the sole object of American deception. Yet Nixon and Kissinger, those famous skeptics about deals made with Communists, could scarcely have believed that the agreement being forced upon Thieu stood a chance. Far more likely, they hoped for enough time between the Paris Accords and a North Vietnamese takeover of Saigon—the famous "decent interval"—to put into place their grand design for a global strategic balance involving both the Soviet Union and China. That design, unveiled with dramatic and successful trips to Peking and Moscow, in February and May of 1972 respectively, had elements of genuine brilliance in it, and they were not going to let the mess in Southeast Asia thwart it.

Hung and Schecter write with great sympathy for Thieu. But they weaken their case by accepting his analysis of the battlefield situation in 1975. They contend that the war was being won, that "had the United States kept the promises made in writing to Thieu to convince him to sign the Paris Accords, the Republic of Vietnam could have survived." This is, to put it mildly, a highly debatable proposition. Combined with the authors' charge of American "betrayal," it makes *The Palace File* almost unique among books on Vietnam: it attacks Nixon, Ford, and Kissinger from the right, holding them, rather than Congress or the anti-war movement, most responsible for the calamity.

But Hung and Schecter's material, while fascinating, does not adequately support such a conclusion. Continued American military involvement would certainly have delayed Saigon's collapse; it had for many years. But it would not have brought a South Vietnamese victory. No matter how much we bombed the North or propped up the South, the ruthless leaders in Hanoi (who have subsequently fought both China and the Cambodian Khmer Rouge) would have continued fighting as they had since 1945, at whatever cost, in order to outlast their foes by at least one day. Moreover, Thieu's government was inept and corrupt, and itself infiltrated by Communists. The importance of these unpleasant truths about America's ally is diminished throughout *The Palace File*. I must assume that it is Hung who insisted on such a sanguine and sanitized view of the Thieu government, of its actions and its motives. Hung's uniquely Vietnamese point of view gives *The Palace File* some of its power, though he consistently exaggerates his own role; in any event, his is a view that few outsiders would share.

It is a troubling story, this tale of the dying relationship between America and its Vietnamese ally, a story about which nobody—neither hawk nor dove—should feel proud, or even at ease. For the United States, disengagement from Vietnam became a necessity. But was it also necessary to treat our allies in this shabby manner in order to disengage?

RICHARD HOLBROOKE

Richard Holbrooke, assistant secretary of state for East Asian and Pacific Affairs from 1977 to 1981, served in Vietnam as a member of the Foreign Service from 1963 to 1966 and was a delegate to the Paris Peace Talks in 1968-69.

A NOVEL OF HER OWN

Foe
by J. M. Coetzee

(Viking, 157 pp., $15.95)

At the beginning of J. M. Coetzee's haunting if maddening fictive meditation, a castaway woman swims to an island inhabited by a master and his slave. She introduces herself as Susan Barton, "a woman alone." She might be Shakespeare's Miranda presenting herself to her abstracted father and his foul-mouthed slave Caliban; she might even be Eve greeting God and Adam in Eden, a figurative island in a waste of a world. Coetzee's island trinity is animated in its association with earlier geneses. But somewhat less than a third of the way through, the island recedes into a story begging for an author: the three are rescued, and Susan begins her search for a teller who can uncover the meaning of her year of torpor and tedium. Most of *Foe* is engaged with Susan's doomed quest.

Coetzee's allegory encourages us to think about God, but his triangle of a woman caught between male master and slave and trying to penetrate the silence of both is not, like that of the Old Testament, the genesis of our moral imperatives; nor is his island a healing anodyne to civilization like that of Shakespeare's *Tempest*. Coetzee's island is the genesis of

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British fictional mythology: its master is Robinson Cruso and his slave is Friday, while the author Susan pursues is Daniel Foe—a weary, spiderlike listener, saturated in others' confessions, who has not yet gentrified his patronymic into the more elegant "Defoe." But Coetzee's introduction of a female observer into *Robinson Crusoe*'s manly adventures changes Defoe's account of resourceful conquest to a tale of sloth and alienation.

We may assume that Foe will betray Susan by writing the strenuous, womanless *Robinson Crusoe* that still inspires Western schoolboy acquisitiveness, but Coetzee's Susan strains to tell a different story. The Foe to whom her narratives are a continual appeal is not a brusque chronicler of prosaic rogues and thieves but a worried theorist of fiction, as perplexed by questions of authorship and authorization as 20th-century academics are. Cruso himself is sunk in a torpor that is similarly modern. He sullenly refuses to improve his island prison: he moves terraces about with weary futility, expecting to plant a garden for which there are no seeds; instead of foraging his wrecked ship for tools and supplies—in Coetzee's revision, Cruso's ship has sunk, rather than resting conveniently parked by the island, as it does in Defoe's—he sinks into silence and sleep. He dies of grief at losing his comfortable prison.

Defoe's Friday declaims lushly about the beneficence of the master who redeemed him from savagery; the Friday Susan meets is (like Coetzee's Cruso) a remote, tongueless mute. His silence, which Susan tries frantically to interpret, is, we may assume, the voicelessness of all the oppressed. Despairingly, Susan tries, through Foe, to bestow animation on these torpid men: "There was too little desire in Cruso and Friday: too little desire to escape, too little desire for a new life. Without desire how is it possible to make a story?"

THE PROBLEM IS Coetzee's as well as his characters'. *Foe* is a departure into metafiction for this distinguished South African novelist, whose *Waiting for the Barbarians* and *The Life and Times of Michael K.* are excruciatingly direct representations of politics and pain: short, clear, and classic, they engage their readers in the distilled invasions and degradations of history. *Foe* casts the silenced Friday as the bearer of all that pain, but Friday remains an emblem of Otherness. He is poked and questioned and prodded and talked incessantly *about*, but his role in the fable obliterates his reality as a character. In the same vein, although *Foe* is a brilliant disquisition on the making of fictions, for all the tantalizing webs of talk it weaves it never quite comes to life. Uncharacteristically, Coetzee speaks here as a writer writing for other writers, rather than as an appalled representative of humanity.

Susan Barton herself, who sees everything we are allowed to see and tells us everything we know, attenuates the novel: she is a deliberately mystified, self-obscuring character who in her amorphousness is more suggestive of Woman in general than she is of any woman in particular. Coetzee's Michael K. is equally a type, but he is a type with whom, while we read, we live in intimacy; Susan Barton is so perplexing that she makes it difficult for the reader to believe in either Woman or women. Her narratives are a plea to be written:

> When I reflect on my story I seem to exist only as the one who came, the one who witnessed, the one who longed to be gone: a being without substance, a ghost beside the true body of Cruso. . . . Return to me the substance I have lost, Mr. Foe: that is my entreaty.

Repeatedly, this "ghost" seeks substance by flinging herself against the silences of tired men: Friday, Cruso, and Foe merge into one ungiving male who will not share his being with her. She is an adept at unmotivated renunciations. An unresolved subplot concerns the return of Susan's lost daughter, for whom she was searching when she was cast away on Cruso's island. Susan repudiates the girl as an imposter; Foe insists she is authentic, wanting to write Susan's story as that of a mother losing and regaining her daughter. He would turn Susan's year on the island into a digressive interlude.

Is Susan's denial of her daughter a self-destructive repudiation of the woman-centered mother-daughter plot in which many recent feminists have found salvation? Or is her refusal to be enclosed in Foe's family plot a self-assertive refusal to be fenced off from the significant activities of heroic men, dull though these may be in fact? Since Susan admits she is a "ghost," we never know how to respond to her obsessions and decisions. Motifs from contemporary feminism float around her without cohering, suggesting that Woman is not a being who can be realized from within, but a perpetual enigma. Susan Barton's tantalizing amorphousness makes us miss the stolid, self-accepting autonomy of Defoe's own Moll Flanders, who is too heartily acquisitive to worry about who she is. But Susan's insubstantiality may be the heart of Coetzee's allegory: in guilty and weary times, men can no longer write women who live. A certain lifelessness at the heart of this novel may be its most chilling, if chilly, achievement.

FOE ENDS WITH its heroine's abandonment. Susan relinquishes her compulsion to narrate herself to Foe—who has in any case exalted himself above her to become "Daniel Defoe, Author"—and, in a dream vision, she returns to the island that has become her source and solution of all human enigmas. But she no longer sleeps on the shore: she dives into the wreck (is Coetzee paying tribute to Adrienne Rich's epic of female creative autonomy?) to immerse herself in the mystic stream that issues from the mutilated mouth of a visionary Friday. Perhaps all have found freedom: the woman immerses herself in the equivocal signs of terminal oppression, while freeing "Daniel Defoe, Author" from his epistemological doubts so that he may turn her companions into inspiring paragons of enterprise and courage. Coetzee's divided ending is the birth of the fictional tradition we know, which culminates in the novel we are reading: men's and women's plots have irrevocably

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separated. A nascent feminist critic, Susan Barton is doomed to pursue her identity in the elusive voices of men who turn away from her.

If this reading is abstract, so is Coetzee's novel. *Foe* is haunted by literary antecedents; it wants above all to comprehend its own genesis. Like its enigmatic heroine, the novel half-drowns in half-remembered signs it strains to interpret, forfeiting the immediacy that makes Coetzee's previous novels impossible to forget.

NINA AUERBACH

Nina Auerbach teaches English at the University of Pennsylvania. Among her books are *Woman and the Demon: The Life of a Victorian Myth* (Harvard University Press) and the forthcoming *Ellen Terry, Player in Her Time* (W. W. Norton).

MARXISM ON STILTS

The Principle of Hope by Ernst Bloch translated by Neville Plaice, Stephen Plaice, and Paul Knight

(MIT Press, 1,420 pp., $95)

Often the zeitgeist is a vengeful spirit. There is ghostly poetic justice in the fact that the intellectual life of West Germany was dominated, at least in its first 30 years, by the Jewish Marxist outcasts of the Third Reich: by Ernst Bloch (1885-1977), Georg Lukács (1885-1971), Max Horkheimer (1885-1973), Herbert Marcuse (1898-1979), T. W. Adorno (1903-1969), and the enigmatic heritage of Walter Benjamin (1892-1940). It is they who inspired the students' rebellion of 1968; and even today the social and political disputes in West German universities take place in an area staked out by their writings.

Yet the one thing that these intellectuals have in common with each other (indeed, with the Germany they so precipitously left in the '30s) is their deep, undisguised contempt for the liberal mind. They regarded Western liberal democracy in particular as a "post-fascist" makeshift or a "crypto-fascist" compromise. The fact that those among them who returned to Germany were greatly acclaimed seems to have had little impact upon their views. After the trauma of exile, they turned out to be valiant biters of the hand that fed them. Now, at last, readers who have no German but are interested in the convolutions of Marxism in our time need no longer take the reputation of one of the most famous of these figures for granted. With this painstaking, helpfully annotated, and rebarbatively literal translation of Ernst Bloch's *Das Prinzip Hoffnung*, the last major work of the German Marxist corpus is available in English.

Like all his revolutionary colleagues, Bloch was brought up in the comfortable security of a middle-class home. His father was a senior official of the Imperial Railways. With its heavy chemical industry, proletarian Ludwigshafen, the town in the Rhineland-Palatinate where Bloch was born in 1885, contrasted starkly with Mannheim, its twin city. Mannheim was a model of 18th-century town planning, with a residential palace, a famous Jesuit church, a superb library. It was in Mannheim that Bloch went to school. His daily walk to the other side of the Rhine, which took him from working-class tenements to the quarters of the mercantile bourgeoisie, provided the boy with the adversarial theme of a lifetime.

An unimpressive school record gave little idea of the boy's real interests. From the age of 17, when Bloch was exchanging letters with Ernst Mach and other leading philosophers of the day, he was obsessed with the idea of a philosophical system, a total account of the world that would accommodate all experience, real and visionary, within a single complex mode of discourse of his own invention. An early glimpse of his future task is recorded in a note that speaks of "my discovery of the Not-Yet-Conscious, the kinship of its content with what is similarly latent in the world." "In creative work especially," writes the 22-year-old university student,

> an impressive boundary is crossed, which I call the point of the transition of the Not-Yet-Conscious. Strenuous effort, cracking ice, becalmed sea and happy voyage are gathered around this point. Here, when the breakthrough succeeds, rises the land where no-one has been, the land that has never been. That needs man the wanderer, compass, depth in the landscape.

The hyphenation, the eccentric punctuation, the rousing yet adventitious mixture of concepts and metaphors—all these will be the stock-in-trade of Bloch's philosophical style over the next seven decades. What will be added to this half-discursive, half-poetic expressionist notion of "the Not-Yet" will be its politicization by a romantic, fictionalized Marxism. *That* is to be "the land where no-one has been."

Bloch's wide-ranging university studies at Würzburg, Munich, and Berlin included music and physics, but they were focused on the history of the philosophy of matter from Aristotle through Lucretius to Marx—presented in rather German terms. "*Bei uns*," observed his friend Bertolt Brecht, and he might have had Bloch in mind, "*bei uns* even materialism is abstract." For Bloch was concerned to "extend" materialism as an account of the human and natural world to include the dreams and constructions of scientific, religious, and political utopias of all ages. His first major book, *The Spirit of Utopia*, was published in 1918; it contained Bloch's first attempt to conjoin socialism with the messianic spirit of the Bible, Marx with the Apocalypse. This was followed, in 1921, by his reconstruction of the chiliastic beliefs of Thomas Münzer, a revolutionary follower and antagonist of Martin Luther. In presenting Münzer as a "theurgic" theologian, Bloch anticipated the major theme of the third volume of *The Principle of Hope*—the connectedness and interaction of earthly utopian aspirations with Christian doctrine, the ardor (the "boiling") of human freedom under divine providence.

As an adolescent Bloch participated in a liberal, patriotic youth movement, but otherwise he seems never to have engaged directly in political activity. The bulk of his oeuvre was written in the '20s and early '30s in southern Germany and Switzerland. It had scant impact outside the coteries of Marxist intellectuals. What the metaphysician of materialism actually lived on is not clear. These were the years of his friendship with Brecht, Benjamin, Adorno, and,

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above all, with Lukács, whose influential *History and Class Consciousness* was published in 1923. (Finally Lukács's dogmatic Marxism, and his rejection of German expressionism, in which he saw a forerunner of national socialism, led to a break that lasted many years.)

A MONTH AFTER Hitler came to power, Bloch left Germany. He moved from Switzerland to Vienna, and then to Paris, living a hand-to-mouth existence as a contributor to several exile publications. He never visited the Soviet Union, preferring to write his apology for the Moscow trials in Prague. In 1938 he arrived in New York. It was in Cambridge, between 1942 and 1947, that *The Principle of Hope* was completed. Like Walter Benjamin (who committed suicide on his flight from German-occupied France) Bloch received no help from Max Horkheimer's Institute for Social Research in New York. He suffered great hardship; the household, which now included two children, was supported by his wife, who worked first as a waitress, then as an architect's assistant. Though he had never been a member of the Communist Party, Bloch experienced some difficulty and delay in acquiring American citizenship. (The translators' claim that "he was forced to undergo an oral examination on the American Constitution" demonstrates only their ignorance of American immigration procedures, not any confirmation of Bloch's belief that there is really no difference between "the American way of life" and "the fascist *Volksgemeinschaft*.")

In brief—though Bloch is never brief—his 11 years in America left him with the impression of "a society stripped of any will to truth." And so, in 1949, he left Cambridge for East Germany, where, at the age of 64, he took up his first teaching post, at the Karl Marx University of Leipzig. The tall, vigorous old man with the heavy shock of gray hair and thick spectacles proved to be a charismatic teacher and a fearless, brilliantly articulate debater. He drew large and enthusiastic student audiences. But alas, his time in the German Democratic Republic coincided with the period of "de-Stalinization" that followed the 20th Party congress, with the Hungarian uprising, with the consolidation of Tito's power in Yugoslavia.

All these threats to the status quo contributed to an ideological retrenchment of the East German regime. The predictable "criticisms" soon began to make Bloch's position difficult. Academic stooges of the government accused him of "subjectivism," revisionism, an excessive emphasis on "the Hegelian heritage in Marxism," and (gravest indictment of all) bourgeois "mysticism." (All these charges were largely true.) Finally Walter Ulbricht himself, chairman of the state council, joined the attack with a few simple home truths about "inadequate practical concern for the working classes." Bloch's closest disciples were jailed, and he was pensioned off.

On August 13, 1961, the Berlin Wall went up. Bloch was staying with Wieland Wagner in Bayreuth, and he decided not to return to Leipzig, preferring "the many lights of the many wholly rotten West Berlins." Friends secured him a visiting professorship at Tübingen, where he continued teaching and arguing the views that had brought about his isolation and enforced silence. Among the friends Bloch made in those last years in Tübingen was Rudi Dutschke, the student leader, who had left the G.D.R. at the same time as Bloch. Separated by 55 years, the two men were bound by surprisingly close affinities of temperament and mind. Both read the Gospels as the charter of an ethical and social revolution. And both were deeply troubled by the division between philosophical theory and political practice; while Bloch was content to fudge the difference by devising the weasel word "theory-practice," Dutschke entered the political scene and paid for it with his life. Despite his failing eyesight, Bloch was able to finish the revision of his works for a complete edition (amounting to 18 volumes in all). He died in Tübingen in 1977, at the age of 92.

COMPARED WITH the overwhelming majority of his European contemporaries, Bloch could look back on a life of good fortune. He had lived through the disasters of the '30s, yet he never had to take political responsibility for his views. However peculiar his chosen task, he never had to work at any other. The key of a prison door never turned behind him. He never heard a shot fired in anger. When considering its politics, a reader of *The Principle of Hope* should bear in mind that none of it was written under duress. And the American reader in particular may be in for a shock. So hostile is Bloch to the United States that it comes across only as a huge, undifferentiated industrial swamp, with bits of barbed wire sticking out into the poisonous gases hovering above it. It goes without saying, to use one of Bloch's favorite turns, that he denies America's contribution to the "theory-practice" of democratic government (though "the young American states" are credited opaquely with "cut-price freedom").

Bloch's model of democracy is, rather, the Soviet Union. And if his interest in American institutions is perfunctory, his praise of the Soviet Union is equally unencumbered by any detailed knowledge of its life and institutions. Most of the quotations from Stalin have been quietly omitted from the West German edition on which this translation is based. Bloch's main source of information seems to be Lenin. It is a curious fact that, apart from some purple patches, conventional references to the 19th-century classics, and the usual Marxist attacks on the anarchist Bakunin, Bloch's knowledge of Russia is confined to lyrical guff, obtained presumably second-hand, about Russian folk dancing (which he opposes to American "vomit"), and about the unique stoicism and courage of "the Red Heroes," and the upright posture of "Soviet Man." Of Stalin's purges, and of the liquidation of the Ukrainian and Russian peasantry, and of the murders at Katyn, we hear not a word.

To these observations on America and Russia should be added Bloch's equally perfunctory treatment of 20th-century German history. His aim is to ignore the recent past, lest it prove an obstacle on the way to utopia's greatest good. Thus the Third Reich figures as no more than an error "which does not further the dialectics of history." Hitler is a pawn of international capitalism, no more. About the enthusiasm with which the German munitions workers acclaimed Hitler all the way to the end of 1944, Bloch maintains his silence. Add to this some snide remarks about Israeli bankers and "Tel Aviv capitalism," and Bloch's unfortunate manner of quoting anti-Semitic remarks without doing much to dissociate himself from them, and you have the system of beliefs from which the Baader-Meinhof group drew its picture of the world.

IN ALL ITS STRAGGLING, messy immensity, *The Principle of Hope* is one of those all-about-everything books characteristic of German culture during the last 150 years. But unlike its direct predecessor, Oswald Spengler's *The Decline of the West*, Bloch's magnum opus is ruth-

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lessly optimistic. It reverses Spengler's world-historical scheme by turning *Weltangst* (the source, for Spengler, of all creativity) into "hope." In this placing of "hope" at the center of a history, an anthropology, and a phenomenology of mankind lies the originality of Bloch's undertaking.

The principle that guides the work's five sections (which are arranged in 55 chapters) is simple enough. All history, as well as the entire contemporary world, is divided along the lines of a chiliastic Marxism. "Hope" resides in every scientific, artistic, political, or religious event that can be interpreted, however doubtfully, as a guide to, or a promise of, a "Marxist" utopia. The rest is irredeemably condemned. After a rather jolly opening on the value of daydreams (Bloch contrasts them with nocturnal dreams, which are about the past and are therefore regressive) the argument settles down to an extended quasi-Freudian discussion of the unconscious, which concludes that the motor of the unconscious is hunger. It is hunger alone that "transforms itself . . . into an explosive force against the prison of deprivation." There follows a critical section on "anticipatory consciousness," which is "the discovery and notation of the forward-looking Not-Yet-Conscious or of Forward Dawning" as the essence of "reality as process."

Since the utopia Bloch is advocating is not a state of "being" but a state of of "becoming," it is never described in detail. To do so, he argues, would be to foreclose its possibilities. Similarly, any attempt to abolish authority is rejected as "putschism," since (in Engels's phrase) "the state will wither away" of its own accord. The reign of utopia will commence, rather, when the three divisions that are the cause of all evil in our world—the division between classes, between different kinds of labor, and between immanence and transcendence as it appears in Christian belief—are abolished. The privileged moment invoked in the terms of Faust's wager with Mephistopheles—that moment, in time and out of time, of which Faust will be willing to say, "Stay a while, thou art so fair"—is offered as the nearest description that words can convey of the content of Bloch's utopia. By this time the narrative has given up most of its claim to being analytical, and has become largely a recital of archetypal scenes and persons lyrically evoked.

A history of social utopias, from Plato through St. Augustine, Joachim di Fiore, and Thomas More to Francis Bacon, Saint-Simon, Moses Hess, and William Morris, shows which aspects of these earlier utopias anticipate Bloch's future state. (The dystopias of Zamyatin and Orwell are not mentioned.) Since the higher flights of Bloch's fanciful style are here largely avoided, this long chapter is one of the most illuminating sections of the book. But immediately in the chapters that follow—on the role of nature, of non-mathematical science, and of music in the building of that utopia—Bloch's characteristic jumble of reified images and metaphorized concepts again takes over. Mere verbal litter is spread over the thinnest bits of the system. Thus there is the oblique suggestion that the true socialist (perhaps communist?) is physiologically a different type from the pathetic petit bourgeois. (This Goebbels-like passage is not the only one that is much softened in the translation.) There is also the notion that disease, indeed death itself, may be abolished along with the class system. The growth of cancer cells is "imperialist."

TRUE "HOPE" IS only hope for the right, the possible thing. One of the most interesting theoretical parts of the book is Bloch's analysis of the two meanings of "possible." In traditional philosophical discussions of possibility, he claims, knowing or not knowing the present consequences of what was the case in the past was confused with knowing or not knowing the conditions under which something is certain to be the case in the future. Bloch distinguishes, however, between possibility that is confined to "the singularity and immediacy of an accident or a stroke of luck" and possibility that is "a capability of being an other." The latter implies purposeful and informed change. But since all "true" or "real" change is change in the direction of the greatest good, this second "possibility" soon shrinks into "certain hope." And for this reason, too—because for Bloch, if not for the rest of us, all "true" change is change toward classless utopia—the philosophers of feudal and early capitalist times had a vested interest in perpetuating the traditional confusion. What is missing in Bloch's entire discussion—*et pour cause*—is the recognition that, in any ordinary view of it, the "possible" is never single.

For Bloch, "change" must mean "change for the better." Thus Hitler's rule was merely a mistake, change in the wrong sense of the word. "Hope" (a notion illustrated by endless quotations, some of them seriously inaccurate, and endless interpretations, some of them blatantly disingenuous) must be grounded in the present, in what we know now, but it must be directed toward a better thing. It must have the fervor and seriousness of religious faith, but transcending what we are, it must not aim at "transcendence." It must be not vague but rigorously "certain." It is not a passing mood, but a clear program and a consistent goal, involving all that is positive in our moods and feelings. ("Premonition" in Bloch is identical with "utopian certainty.") This hope will be entertained by some of mankind, unblushingly referred to as "the people" or "the proletariat," but it is absolutely beyond the reach of the rest.

In this hope all that is valid in all theory and practice is united. And there can be nothing squeamish about the way it is to be realized. Bloody revolution is the most likely way, since the entire Western world is not just hope*less* but actively opposed to true hope. All great art, moreover, either shows the way toward the fulfillment of such a hope or offers examples of it. In sum, hope as Bloch presents it is not just a concept, or a feeling, or a thing of the imagination. It is all these things and more: it is one of the forms of our perception, like the Kantian forms of space, time, and causality. *Our* forms of perception? Well, not really ours. This perception belongs, rather, to the Marxist part of the world, in which utopia "has started to begin" to be fulfilled.

THE CERTAINTY with which hope is to be endowed cannot be like the certainties of the natural sciences, because they are the products of capitalism. The "facts" of capitalist science are tainted by the purpose for which they were discovered, which is the maintenance of the capitalist status quo and the intimidation of those who wish to alter it. Moreover, while hope must be grounded in the present, it must be grounded only in those parts of the present that are harbingers of the good future. Of course the present (Bloch reluctantly concedes) is connected with the past. But the past is its *true* ground only in those of its aspects that offer an "extended line" toward the utopian future. The Hitler-Stalin friendship pact of 1939, for example, is not a part of the historical past.

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The task of selecting those aspects of the past and the present that are to be the proper grounds for hope is made easy by the unquestioning acceptance of Marxist-Leninist dogma. When Jürgen Habermas complains that "Bloch does not ground the Marxist method epistemologically," he understates the magnitude of Bloch's dogmatism. It is not just "the method" but the very premise of the Marxist argument—that is, the class theory—that Bloch fails to examine. All criticism of the class theory, or any suggestion that it may have been invalidated by the development of technology after Marx, is swept aside as propaganda, as an instrument of the cold war.

Never mind Kant or Wittgenstein. Bloch stubbornly wishes to sustain a mystical view of human destiny by means of a "scientific" argument, to reenact the old dream of German Romanticism by politicizing it. What, if anything, can be salvaged from this mess? Does anything of importance emerge from Bloch's combination of dogma, self-indulgence, and chaos? Certainly not Bloch's method, nor his conclusions. The interest of this book lies, rather, in some of the questions it asks, two in particular: the role of nature in our scientific age, and the religious foundation of our ethics.

The first of these problems Bloch subsumes under Marx's heading of "the humanization of nature." He reformulates the Marxist concept by attacking Kant's observation that an inquiry is scientific to the extent that it is amenable to quantification, to mathematical procedures. Mathematics, in Bloch's view, is seen as the descendant of the profit-and-loss calculations of clever merchants and traders. So radical is his rejection of mathematics that it leads him to argue against its ancient connections with music, because mathematically determined sequences are said to be responsible for the anti-human quality of all the modern music he considers reactionary.

Still, his rejection is based on a coherent ethical argument: that the "abstractness" of mathematical procedures, their unavailability to sense perception, intimidates us, and allows these procedures and their application to follow ethically indifferent paths to unforeseen and unintended ends. Uncontrolled and apparently uncontrollable, this is "capitalist science," a reflection of the chaotic society that has created it. And in this criticism of science Bloch retraces an anxiety with which we (at least the nonscientists among us) are entirely familiar. We are, as the saying goes, overwhelmed by science, intimidated and overawed by what we do not understand. We do indeed treat nature as a mere object of experiment and exploitation, and the dangers inherent in the uncontrolled course of our scientific investigations do go largely unheeded.

BLOCH'S SOLUTION will not find many takers at MIT. It is based in part upon a misreading of Bacon, and it is hardly less abstract than the science it rejects: "nature" is no longer the object of scientific inquiry, but itself the subject (the mystical "*natura naturans*") from which scientific and human insights and progress will originate. Thus Bloch's serious concern with alchemy and astrology, the "sciences" of phenomena that are supposed to teach man not by what he learns from observation and experiment, but by "speaking" to him "directly," by disclosing their own laws. In other words, Bloch proposes that quantification give way to hermeneutics, to the "science" of interpreting difficult signs. But the science of "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,/Sermons in stones, and good in everything," is unlikely to flourish outside the Forest of Arden. Bloch makes a "progressive" plea on behalf of this "science." Yet it does not seem particularly reactionary for Socrates to tell us that we can learn a lot from people in the market square but nothing from trees.

What emerges at the end of Bloch's "scientific" discussion is a natural world from which all contingency is excluded, and a human world without mistakes, without freedom of individual choice in anything we do. In this perfect world, moreover, no allowance is made for the spontaneous, single-minded pursuit of discrete, partial knowledge. The "mystical" philosopher who speaks to us from these pages will not admit an activity that bears its telos within itself. He roundly condemns every philosopher and every artist, every scientist and every inventor who is intent on less than a total view. There is no place in his scheme for all those who follow their freely chosen, self-imposed task, who may not even be conscious of (let alone interested in) a use beyond the use they aim at, a purpose beyond the purpose they pursue. Of course the achievements of such gifted persons are purchased at the price of intentness on one goal, and disinterestedness with respect to all other goals. In the end, where the division of labor, and the unexpected and unplanned uses of the products of labor, are seen as evils, creativity has ceased. That is what the history of Western art, Western science, and Western technology—of *any* history that is not falsified by a millennial perspective—teaches us.

The choice this book enables us to see, more vividly than less extravagant accounts, is this: If such limited, self-propelled activities may lead to evil ends, shall we prevent the ends by proscribing them, or by proscribing the activities that lead to them? The former—the prevention of evil ends, say, in the destruction of our natural environment—must indeed be the aim of our laws. The latter—the suppression of such activities before they have got under way—means a dictatorship. Not of "the proletariat," but of the Lenins and Stalins, of the Blochs and Marcuses: a dictatorship of the guardians of the pub-

At The Jazz Concert

The sax shattered into eighth notes
as if it had been dropped.
I've only lived in America
for forty years, so I know the need
to invade, for kids to scream
at their mamas to stop slamming them
in the superette. The drummer's
taking out his history on the snare,
the trombones are terribly unstable,
and the whole cargo of notes could change
with a nod of the horn. The woman
who used to be your wife could start
a family on the struggling side of town.
Wouldn't it be nice to live in peace
in some far-off corner of the globe?
But now the bass is traveling:
we're resting at a truck-stop
halfway between North Platte
and nowhere else. So tap your foot
to the national music. Your country's nightmare
is a mean café and you're effeminate.
The cowboy's gun is made to make you dance.

IRA SADOFF

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lic good, whose authority rests on the claim that they know *all*.

Bloch claims to have a solution to every one of our social and political problems. He admits to no possible ignorance. All problems have already been "potentially and latently" solved, all non-Marxist solutions rejected: "Where only one flag is the right one, choosing ceases." But democratic pluralism is based on the admission of ignorance. We simply do not know how our neighbors will behave in unprecedented (or even in precedented) situations. We must face the consequences of unforeseen, spontaneous behavior. Where these consequences are destructive, we must devise laws that will not be too long in catching up with them. But this is not possible for the utopian insistence upon "certain hope," the oxymoron on which Bloch's entire argument rests. For the rest of us, hope is uncertain, always open to a variety of possible fulfillments or to none at all.

THE OTHER LESSON this book offers to the reader who has the stamina to persevere to its conclusion concerns the religious foundation of our ethical beliefs. Here again it is the question Bloch poses, not the answer he provides, that matters. And the question is whether our predominantly unbelieving world is capable of salvaging if not the objects of religious belief, at least its ardor and seriousness.

Bloch proposes the "humanization of the divine." Is this any more meaningful than "certain hope"? His argument opens with the claim (a half-truth at best) that every religion, every prophetic or messianic figure, arises in response to a specific social need, to the "order" given by society. The "*Urkommunismus*" of the nomadic tribes of the Old Testament, and the "exodus religion" of Moses, are continued in Christianity's communal faith—"*Liebeskommunismus*"—of the underprivileged and oppressed. This view of the religious tradition is just about compatible with orthodox Marxism, but Bloch's speculation does not stop here. Taking his cue from Revelation 25:5—"Behold, I make all things new"—he constructs "a new God, who [is] absolutely strange," at the meeting place of the human and the divine. Christ is presented as living proof of man's ability to "transcend" his own human condition without intervention from "transcendence." Here at least Bloch goes through the motions of a rational argument. But the other forms of his "humanization of the divine" are unrestrainedly fantastic. They include such memorable pronouncements as "*Ubi Lenin, ibi Jerusalem*" (Where Lenin is, there is Jerusalem) and the claim that "the Bolshevist fulfillment of Communism" is a part of "the age-old fight for God." (I wonder whether the German Protestant parsons who have been set agog by Bloch's "theology" remember Hitler's claim that he was acting on orders from the Almighty.)

In this realm of fantasy it does not matter greatly what qualities Bloch attributes to "the greatest good" of that classless society we are certain to enjoy at the victorious conclusion of Marxism's holy war. Nor does it make much difference whether or not he succeeds in giving his notion of that meeting place of the human and the divine some coherence. What excuse or explanation is there for these wildly politicized and socialized interpretations of Christ and the Gospels? The answer, alas, does not lie only in Ernst Bloch's utopia. It lies in our sins of omission, too.

More than any other Marxist I know, Bloch acknowledges that the Marxist accusation against capitalism and its culture derives its strength wholly from an appeal to traditional Christian values—the values of the very faith Marxism seeks to extirpate. Our own attitude toward Christian values, of course, is more tolerant. We neither deny nor proscribe "the *novum*" in the teaching of the New Testament, but we acknowledge, in our rhetoric at least, the Gospels' insistence on the value and dignity of the individual, "the metaphysical single soul." Again and again Bloch quotes Marx's searing indictment of the conditions in which man becomes "a debased, an enslaved, a forlorn, a contemptible being." If we did more to abolish these conditions by taking Christianity more seriously, Marxists like Bloch couldn't get away with invoking its precepts. It is precisely because the appeal to Christian values goes largely unheeded in our world that *ollas podridas* like this book will be written to remind us of them.

J. P. STERN

J. P. Stern is the Bernhard Visiting Professor in German at Williams College and the author of, among other books, *Hitler: The Fuhrer and the People* (recently reissued by University of California Press). His study of Thomas Mann will be published by Scribner's later this year.

TRB, *from page 4*

fore Oliver North gave extremism in the defense of liberty a bad name. That may not give Oliver Stone enough credit, and it may not give his audience enough credit, either. Americans are not so flighty. The dream of Reaganism—of cost-free national self-assertion, of painless prosperity—is one we were bound to wake up from around now, one way or another.

President Reagan always understood the dream better than his most ardent supporters. He knew that the popular success of his "standing tall" posture depended on the Rambo illusion of invulnerability. He never asked the citizenry to endorse the more accurate vision of *Platoon*—"all that realism," as Chuck Norris nicely puts it. Reagan's war was Grenada—the hindsight war, the one we literally won in our sleep.

The relation between *Platoon* and Iran-amok is not that the scandal changed public attitudes and made the movie's popularity possible. It's that the public's true attitude toward war, as tapped by *Platoon*, is what drove the Reagan administration to conduct an illegal war in secret, which led to the scandal.

Perhaps a society's willingness to go to war always depends on heroic fictions about what war is like. Some conservatives worry that liberal democracies in the media age are permanently crippled by the fact that their citizens are likely to have a much clearer idea than earlier societies—or totalitarian nations today—about what they're getting into. Let's hope there still are things Americans are willing to shed blood for—even their own blood. But the days of the Rambo illusion are over.

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 6*

had inside contact with Los Tecos. Oscar Wiegand of the University of Texas (who helped modernize the school under a State Department grant) said that Los Tecos siphoned off university funds to support their anti-Semitic political activities. Two investigations done by the right-wing World Anti-Communist League in the 1970s concurred. The information connecting Los Tecos to death squads came from independent interviews with six members of right-wing paramilitary groups in Central America. Two of them are quoted by name in my article.

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Sharks and Quarks

"ARBITRAGERS WORRIED by Arrests: Fear Reaction in Washington" was the *New York Times* headline after the feds nabbed three more big-time arbs in the ongoing—and seemingly open-ended—insider trading scandal. That's one reason to celebrate Wall Street's brush with the law: it's a victory for D.C. over New York. Traders afraid of Washington? When was the last time you heard that? As the '80s bull market roared along, making millionaires and media heroes out of recent B-school grads, power and public esteem flowed from the capital city to the city of capital—and fed the contempt some Wall Streeters have always harbored for those who try to keep regulatory tabs on their activities. No one so lacking in wit and ambition as to settle for $40,000 a year at the Securities and Exchange Commission could be a match for the millionaire geniuses on the Street and their attorneys, could they? One can't afford to think this way anymore. "Every shoe that drops I'm sure is heard in Washington," Daniel J. Good of Shearson Lehman American Express told the *Times*. You could almost see him double-checking to make sure his wingtips were tied. And whether or not this has any lasting impact on the investment community's notion of its own intrinsic merit, Washington is already making a comeback among people who only a year ago might have accepted uncritically the Street's exalted view of itself. According to the *National Law Journal*, the SEC's Division of Enforcement reports a 42 percent increase in job applications from attorneys with at least two years of experience. There has also been a "significant increase" in the number of applications from third-year law students—for jobs that pay just $27,172 a year.

THE LATEST ARRESTS included the dramatic handcuffing by U.S. marshals of Richard "Wiggie" Wigton, a vice president at Kidder, Peabody. The shackled Wigton was marched from his office in full view of the Kidder staff, colleagues and subordinates alike. Much has been said about the possible deterrent effect of this spectacle on other investment bankers and securities traders. I think the salutary impact is likely to be just as great, if not greater, on those of us who don't make our livings trading securities. On one level, there is the sheer delight of seeing one of the super-wealthy humbled by his own overweening greed. Surely the sight of the boss in chains prompted an inward smile or two among the minions who run Kidder's copier machines and answer its many-buttoned telephones. What better way to ease the sting of the gross monetary inequality between the likes of (indicted) him and the likes of (unindicted) them? This is a perfectly wholesome emotion, and one of the few thrills the workingperson can still savor for free. Enjoyed in moderation, it has its social and political benefits too. Indeed, would America be America without the expectation that the mighty will occasionally get their comeuppance? Needless to say, until the recent SEC crackdown this was not the dominant theme of national government under the Reagan administration. At a 1983 press conference, for example, President Reagan emphasized that "what I want to see above all is that this country remains a country where someone can always get rich. That's the one thing we have and that must be preserved." The *one* thing? I'll take Wigton in cuffs.

ONLY SIX WEEKS AGO, the gigantic atom smasher known as the "Superconducting Supercollider" was but a gleam in Energy Secretary John Herrington's eye. Now, suddenly, the administration has declared it vital to America's national prestige and scientific self-esteem. Its price tag, recently adjusted downward from $6 billion to $4.4 billion, is in fact a mystery; no one knows what it will cost after the inevitable overruns. No matter. According to Herrington, the machine, to be completed by 1996, will enable us to discover the fundamental building blocks of matter and the secret of the universe's creation, proving that "there are no frontiers beyond our reach" (the Challenger disaster notwithstanding, presumably). As best I can understand Herrington's description of the proposed mega-gizmo, the SSC is essentially a 52-mile underground racetrack for subatomic particles. Just the thing to break up the monotony that occasionally affects even the most glamorous career in high-energy physics. Grab a few bucks and head off to meet your lab cronies at the two-dollar window of the SSC. "I'm taking Quark to place in the 5th." "Nah, I like Neutrino in the 7th. He's been around. Or Lepton." "Yeah, maybe Lepton. He's good on the rail and faster than the speed of light down the stretch."

THE ADMINISTRATION insists on arguing that the SSC will boost America's "international competitiveness." Sometime in the next century, it will lead to vast (but as yet unspecified) economic benefits. If we don't build it, the Europeans, having already won the race to develop the ultimate coffee maker, will ace us out yet again. Whatever its merits as a national mood elevator, the SSC is a lousy investment idea. It illustrates just how far the debate over "competitiveness" has strayed beyond common sense. For one thing, our current trade bind is arguably due in part to the fact that we've spent so much of our research dollars on grandiose projects related to nuclear power, space, and the military, while Japan and Europe concentrated on more mundane questions of manufacturing efficiency and industrial design. Such merely practical pursuits, not to mention other kinds of basic research with more immediate potential payoffs, would be squeezed even further by the massive diversion of money and talent into the Supercollider. And whatever we discover from the Supercollider won't help us much if we don't have people trained to understand and apply the new knowledge. Still worried about American prestige? The *Times* recently reported on the thousands of Japanese managers who have come to the U.S. to run manufacturing plants in the last few years. Their kids come, too—but supplement their American schooling with extra classes where they follow the curriculum of Japan's schools. Apparently what we offer here isn't sufficient to keep pace with their contemporaries back home. Nothing prestigious about that.

C. L.

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